HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXVII.—No. 1410. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1883. TEN CENTS A COPY. $4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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"THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER."—Drawn by Howard Pyle.—[See Page 842.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1883.

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THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

THE call of the National Republican Convention at Chicago on the 3d of June marks the opening of the Presidential campaign of 1884. The meeting of the committee was immediately followed by speculations about candidates, and rumors of every kind regarding the combinations and plans of conspicuous Republican politicians. In all that is said, however, it is noticeable that there is great wariness of formally declaring the candidature of any particular person, as if there were a feeling that to take that course would greatly injure his chances of success. Meanwhile there are very few persons mentioned as probable candidates. The list comprises only the names of President ARTHUR, Mr. BLAINE, Mr. EDMUNDS, Mr. LOGAN, Mr. LINCOLN, Mr. HARRISON, and Mr. GRESHAM. The *Herald* has announced in a letter from Washington—but the story rests only upon its assertion—that Mr. BLAINE and General GRANT and Mr. CONKLING have declared themselves friendly to the nomination of General LOGAN, and also that the LOGAN platform is a high tariff, with distribution of the proceeds of the whiskey tax among the States to promote education.

This may be classed among the humors of an early political season. But it is not too early to remark that the political situation is such that the result of the contest is not as yet to be forecast, and that all which can be plainly seen is that the party must be wise if it would succeed. There is no doubt that the Republican prospect of carrying the election is most promising, but that much depends upon the selection of a candidate is equally unquestionable. We shall probably not see the plan of 1880 repeated—the attempt to pack the National Convention in advance by trickery in the State Conventions. The Convention will be unusually independent and truly representative, and while the friends of different candidates will try to aid them in the preliminary movements, they know that the reaction against machines and bosses which followed the antics of 1880 and of the spring of 1881 is not yet spent, and that their efforts must not be of that kind if they are to be useful. The situation would seem to show certain things to be imperative. Among these is the necessity of a nomination which shall not renew differences that are now quiescent if not healed. Another is that when there is a redundant revenue the party shall not declare for high taxation. Another is that it shall maintain the unequivocal position which it has taken in New York and elsewhere upon administrative or civil service reform. Another is that the proceedings of the Convention and before it shall show distinctly that the nomination is the free action of the party, and that its character shows the party fidelity to its own professions. These conditions seem to us to be essential to a vigorous campaign and a successful result, and they suggest the importance of a careful selection of the candidate.

In the absence of a paramount special purpose to be gained—a situation to which this generation has become accustomed, such as the extension of slavery, or the prosecution of the war, or reconstruction and its consequent policy—a situation which makes the individuality of the candidate of less importance—the candidate will next year be regarded as the guarantee of the good faith of the party. For instance, the sincerity of a party declaration of reform, whether in the revenue system or the civil service, will be tested by the reform sympathies and record of the candidate. It is a situation which demands that, whoever may be selected, he shall be by his character and services a distinct source of strength to the party in the campaign. If there be such a man, and he be also a Republican for whom every member of the party would willingly vote, who would be equally acceptable to Half-Breeds and Stalwarts, to Kickers and Scratchers and Independents and Reformers, is he not manifestly the man to nominate? It is generally thought in a national election that it is a wise plan to listen politely to the more independent members of the party, but to select a candidate "to please the boys," counting upon the independents to fall in at the polls. But it is well to remember, in preparing for the nomination, that "the boys" always fall in, while the independents sometimes fall out, and if enthusiasm be essential, the only way to arouse enthusiasm is by proving that the party is really progressive. If, as will not be denied, the Republican prospect is very much fairer than it was a year or two ago, the reason is that its general course for some time has shown that it is in accord with the real wishes and convictions of the country. Let the Convention prove this by its declarations and its nominations, and it will have taken a long step toward victory.

THE CASE OF O'DONNELL.

THE prompt trial and punishment of O'DONNELL for the murder of CAREY, the Irish informer, contrasts, not to our credit, with the prolonged and grotesque proceedings in the case of GUITEAU. The murder, like the atrocious assassinations in Phœnix Park, belonged to those revolting and melancholy incidents which make the tragical story of Ireland one of the most painful in history. The attempts to arouse sympathy for the murderers of Phœnix Park, like Mr. PRYOR's remark of O'DONNELL, reported in the *Times*, that "there was never a grander hero," are the worst possible service to Ireland. The palliation of deliberate murder, under the circumstances of the crime in Phœnix Park, or of the shooting of CAREY, is an offense against society itself; and nothing more effectually or reasonably chills sympathy for Irish suffering than the impression produced by professional Irish sympathizers that every form of atrocity is to be condoned and commended if committed by an Irishman upon Englishmen, or upon Irishmen in defiance of English law. The President, in compliance with the request of the House of Representatives, instructed Mr. LOWELL to bring the subject of delay in the execution of O'DONNELL to the attention of the British Government. Mr. LOWELL did so immediately, and the British Government replied, as every sensible man knew that it would reply, that all the representations for delay or mitigation of punishment had been carefully examined and considered, and that it did not feel itself justified in interfering with the course of law.

Mr. PRYOR's interpretation of the conduct of the judge at the trial as indicative of a determination at all hazards to secure a verdict of guilty can not be verified, and his remark that if Mr. LOWELL had applied to Mr. GLADSTONE a respite would have been at once granted is merely his opinion. Mr. LOWELL understands the duty of humanity and of an American representative quite as well as Mr. PRYOR, and it is very fortunate for this country that the American Minister in England has worthier motives of action than the desire to propitiate the most ignorant and un-American sympathy in his own country. The cause of Ireland has not been aided by the crime of O'DONNELL, nor by the crimes in the Phœnix Park, nor by the impertinent interference of our Government, nor by the speech of Mr. PARNELL upon receiving the subscription. Mr. PARNELL's vulgar abuse of officers of the government who are honestly endeavoring to carry out the measures of a ministry friendly to Ireland, and his threat to give the Irish Parliamentary vote to any party with which it can make the best terms—without regard, of course, to the principles of the party—will gain respect neither for the speaker nor for his cause.

But there are signs which show that English statesmen will pursue steadily the course of relief upon which they have entered, despite the taunts and threats of Irish leaders. No Englishman is more friendly to Ireland than Mr. FORSTER, and few Englishmen have been more hated there. Nevertheless, he advocates extending the proposed franchise bill to Ireland, which would increase its representation in Parliament. It is unfortunate for his country that Mr. PARNELL's methods of agitation do not produce a different impression from that of most of the Irish agitations, except that of GRATTAN. However sorrowful the situation, and however imperative the necessity of relief, the agitation is always apparently maintained for the benefit of the agitators, not of the country. In the same way the Irish performances in Congress of Messrs. ROBINSON, COX, and HEWITT are humiliating to honorable and intelligent Americans. Whatever their real inspiration, they universally impress the country as chiefly designed for effect upon the Irish-American vote. "If O'DONNELL," said a wise observer, "had been an American citizen of French or Bohemian birth, and had committed a cold-blooded murder, for which he had been lawfully tried and sentenced in Austria or Italy, Mr. HEWITT would not, in my judgment, have introduced a resolution of inquiry." That, however, as we have said of Mr. PRYOR, is but an opinion. But it is the opinion of a vast body of intelligent American citizens, and it only deepens their conviction that nothing would be more unwise and hazardous than to intrust the government to a party whose best members are capable of such conduct. An administration conducted with a view to pander to the Irish vote would readily involve this country in hostility with England; and that a Democratic administration would not hesitate at such servility the course of Mr. HEWITT shows.

REPEAL OF THE FOUR YEARS' LAW.

No friend of reform in the civil service expects to see a recurrence of the *Annus Mirabilis* like last year. The reform bill was passed by Congress and in this State in obedience to a great popular demand, and the principle of reform having been thus embodied in law, the next steps will be more fragmentary and less imposing. But the work which was begun a year ago is progressing admirably. The letters from Washington mention the great relief already found by members of Congress and by the incumbents of official places. Members are not besieged by the old host of office-seekers, and the clerks in the departments do not fear removal to make room for fresher favorites of politicians. The Republicans in the Senate, however, have displaced one or two clerical officers apparently for no adequate reason. We do not refer to the Secretaryship, which was vacant, and which has been admirably filled by the appointment of General MCCOOK. But if the Chief Clerk and the Sergeant-at-arms were efficient officers, there would seem to be no sounder reason for their dismissal than for that of equally efficient non-political clerks and employés in the departments. Mr. SHERMAN's remark that the Republicans were doing only what the Democrats had done was merely a declaration that both parties thought the victors entitled to the spoils. The party, not to say the cause, would have gained very much more by adherence to the spirit of the reform than it possibly can by the possession of the two or three places.

In the State of New York Governor CLEVELAND has most cordially co-operated with the Commission, which has made the first classified list of State employés, and prepared an admirable detailed scheme for carrying the law into effect on the 4th of January. The real position of the new State officers will then be tested. They will have time to make a clean sweep before the law goes into effect, if they are so disposed. Their course will be watched with interest. Mayor LOW, of Brooklyn, has promulgated his scheme and appointed his examiners. Mayor EDSON, of New York, has heartily approved the reform, and has proposed a scheme not essentially different from that in Brooklyn, and he awaits the response of the other city officers. His authority is so restricted by the charter that his position is very difficult. But Mr. EDSON sees, as Mr. GRACE saw, that, under the present charter and with the spoils system, the utmost extravagance and enormous frauds are almost unavoidable. What he can accomplish under the restrictions of the charter and the exceptions of the law remains to be seen. But there is no reason to doubt his earnest intention to do all that is possible. These are all great results, and we hope to see Massachusetts, at least, and other States, following the good example of New York, and adopting the reformed system.

The specific work to which the various associations composing the National Civil Service Reform League will now devote themselves is the repeal of the four years' acts. For this purpose they are preparing petitions which will be sent to Congress. The laws restricting to four years the terms of the commissions of the chief public officers who appoint the great body of clerks and employés tend to vacate the whole service every four years; also to retain incompetent per-

sons for that time, and to enable the appointing power to fill all the places at his pleasure without incurring the odium of removal. It is agreed that the object sought by the law—that is, greater responsibility and care—has not been attained, while the law has been the great bulwark of the spoils system. It is entirely inconsistent with the reformed system, which, selecting by proved capacity, and retaining unrestricted power of removal, determines the term by the efficiency and integrity of the service. Under such a system nothing is more absurd than to turn everybody out periodically, however clearly their service may have demonstrated the public advantage of retaining them. If the theory of such a proceeding is the desirability of new brooms, it is evident that the practice dispenses with good brooms. There can be no ambition, no self-respect, no interest in improvement, among men who know that the most faithful and successful service can not save them from being dropped. To say that they may be re-appointed is idle, for they may not, and, in fact, usually have not been re-appointed, while no folly is more exquisite than to prescribe a fixed term for a valuable employé without certain re-appointment, in which case the fixed term is absurd. It will be interesting to observe how the repeal of the four years' law fares in a Democratic House.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

"God rest you, merry gentlemen!
Let nothing you dismay."

CHRISTMAS is a finer festival in the great city every year, and there is no prettier sight than the Christmas shops and the Christmas shopping. Fourteenth Street, from Broadway to the Sixth Avenue, has been filled with a solid crowd from morning until night for a month, and the procession in MACY's windows has indefinitely prolonged the Christmas delight of thousands of children.

This is the season when the appeal of the Children's Aid Society is most timely and most persuasive. It is one of the oldest and best of our societies of relief, and the names of MR. BRACE, the secretary, MR. BOOTH, the president, and MR. COE, the treasurer, are the guarantee of the honesty and efficiency of its service. Its Christmas offers are well worthy the attention of those who are looking out to find suitable gifts for the holidays.

One hundred dollars will send five homeless children to a home in the West. Sixty dollars will put shoes upon the bare feet of sixty children. The same amount will give a plain hot meal to a hundred children for a month. Or a hundred dollars will give a bountiful Christmas or New-Year's dinner to several hundred boys in a lodging-house. These are tempting offers, and the holiday air is sweet with the old music, Whoso doeth it to the least of these doeth it to me.

THE NIAGARA PARK.

IT appears from the statement of President ANDERSON, of Rochester University, who is one of the Niagara Falls Park Commissioners, that the Commission is now engaged in the preparation of its report to the Legislature. It will state the cost of the land which has been condemned, and ask for the necessary appropriation to complete the purchase and establish the park.

The design does not contemplate elaborate treatment. It proposes to remove the unsightly structures which deform and destroy the beauty of the scene, and to restore so far as practicable the natural landscape, with simple walks, greensward, and trees. The present system of exorbitant fees which practically excludes poor people from the grounds will be abolished, and the residents at the Falls, excepting those who profit by these fees, are very friendly to the proposed rescue of the sublime spectacle of the cataract from practical destruction.

There ought, of course, to be no doubt of the passage of the appropriation which will be asked of the Legislature. There can not be the remotest suspicion of a job in any recommendation which the Commission may make, and the people of the State will have reason to congratulate themselves that a really great work, which will protect properly and forever the sublimest natural object in the commonwealth, will have been honorably and worthily accomplished.

MATTHEW ARNOLD AND EMERSON.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD's lecture upon EMERSON has aroused a great deal of feeling in Boston, and there has been much adverse criticism, which has sometimes taken the form of personal retort. But nothing is more evident than MR. ARNOLD's profound admiration and reverence for EMERSON, even if his estimate of his genius denies him the precise classification to which we have become accustomed. MR. ARNOLD is certainly not the first to question whether EMERSON could be called a great philosophical writer, or, in the full sense, a great poet, and when he is unable to class him among great men of letters he gives the reason—which, however, seems to us quite insufficient. It is easy to understand MR. ARNOLD's point of view, but to deny to the author of *Nature* and the *Essays* a place among the masters of literary art is like denying to MILTON the name of poet.

But while MR. ARNOLD makes critical distinctions and qualifications according to his standards, he certainly has the most adequate impression of the essential greatness of EMERSON's power. To say that "EMERSON's essays are the most important works done in prose" during this century, and that FRANKLIN and EMERSON are the "most distinctively and honorably American," and the "most original and valuable" of our authors, is not to depreciate EMERSON. But how a critic can deny to an author of whom he says this the praise of a great prose writer it is difficult to understand, unless he means that the American standard is very low, which is clearly not his intention. Would MR. ARNOLD say of any of the masters whom he mentions—CICERO, PLATO, SWIFT, VOLTAIRE—that they have a more vigorous command of language or a more exquisite perception of its subtle force and significance than EMERSON? With any of them is literary expression more distinctly an art than with him, and in their works is there deeper earnestness or more spiritual insight than in his? Other qualities which are not in EMERSON they doubtless have, but is not an author who has these a great man of letters?

All this, however, seems to us to be skirmishing upon the surface. The whole spirit of the lecture, so far as it can be derived from a report, is plainly that of the sincerest impression of the essential greatness of EMERSON. Those who are inclined to resent the tone of the critic in dealing with his subject, and who are quick to credit any injurious story of an English visitor, may profitably ponder a little story which MR. HIGGINSON tells in the *Woman's Journal*, in an article regretting MR. ARNOLD's criticism. It was stated in the newspapers that when MR. EMERSON's daughter told MR. ARNOLD that her father was sorry not to see him when in England, he answered, "Yes, I was told that he wished to see me." Insolent— Yes, but the fact was, as a lady who heard the remark told MR. HIGGINSON, that MR. ARNOLD said, "Yes, I was told that he did me the honor to wish to see me." Nothing is easier than a perversion which entirely changes the significance of an answer.

TURNING ON THE LIGHT.

THE *Tribune* is doing a good service in exposing the dark ways of the Department of Public Works in the city of New York, and its details of statement and its figures make a case so imperative that mere denial will not avail. The personal reputation of the head of the department, a strong partisan, and one of the chiefs of the "County" or "Reform" Democracy, has been hitherto unassailed. But the charges marshalled by the *Tribune* day after day require a prompt, detailed, and clear explanation, which the Legislature will probably demand by ordering an investigation.

The *Tribune* gives a glimpse into a corner of one of the city departments which naturally startles the easy-going citizen who supposed, when TWEED was exposed and punished, in obedience to an "uprising of the people," that municipal government was purified. He naturally wonders whether the taint now disclosed runs through the whole municipal system.

The press can be a most efficient agent of reform if it does no more than tell the simple truth of the chaotic system of the government of this city. The system was contrived by a gang of robbers to enable them to steal more conveniently from the city Treasury, and a thorough survey and statement of it as it is should show the Legislature the necessity of radical reform of the whole system. This survey HARPER'S WEEKLY will immediately present in a manner which must command general attention, and which will be of especial service to the Legislature, and of the deepest interest to every good citizen. Those who have a hopeless feeling that the municipal snarl can not be unravelled, and that nothing can be done, will learn that careful and patient investigation, analysis, and comparison are equal to the task of showing just what a grotesque and intolerable system the municipal government is.

THE OLD STORY.

IT will not escape public attention that two or three days after the passage of MR. HEWITT's resolution bringing to the attention of the President the case of the Irish murderer O'DONNELL, and asking him to inquire whether he were a citizen of the United States, and if so whether the requirements of the local law had been complied with in his trial, MR. HORR, of Michigan, introduced a resolution, precisely similar in terms to that of MR. HEWITT, in regard to the massacre of colored citizens at Danville, in Virginia.

MR. MORRISON, of Illinois, at once objected, saying that the President knew as much of the matter as the House. But does MR. MORRISON suppose that the President did not know quite as much about the case of O'DONNELL as the House? Or does he suppose that anybody supposes that if there had been an Irish massacre in Danville, MR. MORRISON would have objected to the consideration of the resolution?

PERSONAL.

AFTER playing Hamlet in Philadelphia, MR. HENRY IRVING said to a reporter: "Actors regard success in Hamlet as the blue ribbon of the stage. You may therefore imagine that I am more than delighted that the first time I played Hamlet in America it was received with such spontaneous enthusiasm. Neither Miss TERRY nor I ever acted to a more fervid house."

—Monsignor CAPEL, it seems, does not use direct means on all occasions. "Ouida," who refers to him as "this most agreeable person," testifies that though she saw him at one of her garden parties, and lunched with him once or twice afterward, "he never mentioned theology, and I never heard him preach."

—The conduct of the soldier under fire, observes MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES, is the grand test of true soldierhood. The crowning result of assiduous moral and professional training is that when the bullets are humming and the shells are crashing the soldier shall be a composed, alert, disciplined unit of a mighty whole, whose purpose is victory. The marauding "Yank" philosophically remarked to General SHERMAN, "You can't expect all the cardinal virtues, uncle, for thirteen dollars a month." No, but you can get a good many of the simpler martial virtues for less money.

—A veteran New York financier was much amused the other day to find, in some household rubbish, an old school-book called *Epitome Sacræ*, and to see on a fly-leaf, in his early handwriting, the lines,

"Steal not this book, my honest friend,
For fear the gallows will be your end:
Up the ladder, down the rope,
That's the way the thieves will choke."

—The dolorous BINNS, MARWOOD's successor as hangman, has been accused of drunkenness at a recent execution. He answers the charge as follows: "It is not true that I was the worse for drink. I got straight up out of bed, had no breakfast, and went to the jail. No man can say he ever saw BINNS that morning, or the day before, take a drop of drink." The question still remains whether BINNS took any on the sly.

—The writer of a magazine article on social life at Washington declares that a politician is not aided by social influences at the capital. The strength which a member of Congress has with an administration depends on his standing at home. All the allurements of beauty, all the charm of the most delightful hospitality, can not alone advance a politician to the cabinet. Back of all the attractions that may surround a public man must stand heavy masses of voters, who can repay the administration for the favors bestowed upon their "favorite son."

—Portraits of three American statesmen appear in this number of this journal. General ANSON G. MCCOOK, a member of the family of "fighting MCCOOKS," is a brave soldier and a wise legislator. Senator SABIN, the new Chairman of the Republican National Committee, has served several terms in the Legislature of his State, and is a shrewd and successful business man, with no pretensions to forensic oratory. The late Representative D. C. HASKELL, of Kansas, was a quartermaster in the late war, a popular speaker, and an enlightened student of the grave public questions of his day.

—Private theatricals, according to an English essayist, have nearly lost their character of privacy. Even amateur companies consisting of ladies and gentlemen perform in public; society has become stage-struck, and ladies and gentlemen are taking to the stage. "We hope the rising taste for amateur acting will be kept within reasonable bounds, and that it will be a long time before the stage is inundated with tyros who, if ladies, could have done better anywhere else, and if men, should rather have taken to the forest or the prairie."

—ANTHONY TROLLOPE AS JULIAN HAWTHORNE saw him in 1879: A broad-shouldered, sturdy man of middle height, with a ruddy countenance, and snow-white tempestuous beard and hair. He wore large gold-rimmed spectacles, but his eyes were black and brilliant, and looked at his interlocutor with a certain genial fury of inspection. His voice was full-toned and powerful, though pleasant to the ear, and his words burst forth from beneath his white mustache with such an impetus of hearty breath that it seemed as if all opposing arguments must be blown quite away. He was an exceedingly fine-looking old gentleman, and at the first glance you would have taken him to be some civilized and modernized Squire Western, nourished with beef and ale, and roughly hewn out of the most robust and least refined variety of human clay.

—The London *Standard* on a recent biography of GEORGE WASHINGTON: "The character of WASHINGTON was a very noble one, and his life may well be taken as an example by boys."

—That able and conspicuous member of the GLADSTONE cabinet, MR. CHAMBERLAIN, caused much laughter and many cheers by closing a public address on the present issue "between the peers and the people, between the privileges of the few and the rights of the many," as follows: "I am inclined to hope, in the words of that beautiful Church litany which is read every Sunday, that all the nobility 'may be endued with grace, wisdom, and understanding.'"

—Almost all the Mormon converts made in Europe are Anglo-Scandinavians and Germans. The Latin races are uncompromisingly opposed to Mormonism, and not one French woman is to be found among the wives of Utah.

—That fine old captain of a packet-ship, the late EDWARD FUNK, whose funeral took place a few days ago, was one of the few officers of the American merchant marine of forty years ago who had no bad habits. He did not even swear; and it was his daily practice when at home to read from the Book of Common Prayer in the presence of his family. With the exception of Captain W. W. PELL, of Brooklyn, he was the sole surviving commander of the line of packets that used to ply between this city and Havre.

—Next year will be the hundredth anniversary of the old Volunteer Fire Department of New York city, and it is proposed by several of the most distinguished members of that famous organization to celebrate the event with becoming honors. Every surviving engine, hose-carriage, or truck that once ran to the music of the boys will be brought into service again, and Broadway will see an old-fashioned firemen's parade.

—The death last week of an aged woman who for forty-six years had been a faithful servant in a New York family will remind some of our readers that in earlier days their household service was more nearly satisfactory than at the present epoch of Celtic domination.

—The Hon. HAMILTON FISH is the owner of MR. E. D. PALMER's full-length marble statue of a female savage, entitled "The Dawn of Christianity," the woman bending reverently over a cross which she holds in her hand. Her nude back is modelled so classically that the late MR. EDWARD EVERETT, on seeing it, told MR. FISH that it was "the finest thing of the kind in existence." MR. FISH's drawing-room has recently been handsomely decorated by LOUIS C. TIFFANY & CO.

—Sir WILFRID LAWSON thinks that when electioneering is carried on in a way that appeals to men's reason, and not to their passions and pockets, it is one of the best pursuits in which men can engage.

—In discussing the relations of morality to religion, Professor A. A. HODGE, of Princeton, observes: "We do not deny the existence in this day of exceptionally lovely characters who are skeptical—often most sadly so—to all religious truth, natural and revealed. We deny, however, that these prove that morality is independent of religion. Morality in them, as in all others, has its root in theology, and their cases are easily explainable on the scientific principles of heredity, education, and environment."

—Dr. B. W. RICHARDSON has been investigating the subject of felicity. He finds that felicity is not seated in the brain; in other words, that it is not a quality which a man can think himself into, or reason himself into. Rather, like the beating of the heart, it is a vital process going on independently of his volition. He can kill it, but he can not will himself into it. Moreover, of the two natures with which man is endowed—the pure animal and the pure intellectual natures—felicity belongs to his animal nature. "Felicity and misery are the signs of his still existing animal nature."

—The receipts at the Théâtre Français, Paris, for the year 1882–3 were $300,000, which shows a slight falling off; at the Grand Opera-house they were $613,250, or $20,000 less than last year. The value of the scenery and appointments of the twenty-eight operas put on the stage was $950,000. The dramatic company of the Théâtre Français consists of fifty-seven artists, of whom twenty-five are *sociétaires* and thirty-two *pensionnaires*. The play most frequently repeated was *Le Roi s'Amuse*, which was seen forty-eight times. The government will give $160,000 to the Grand Opera the ensuing year, and $48,000 to the Théâtre Français.

—The difficulty that women encounter in obtaining remunerative employment may be illustrated by the following case. Last week an educated and refined woman, with the advantages of a good presence and a letter of recommendation from a Monsignor in the Catholic Church, succeeded, after much diligence, in getting the offer of a position as clerk behind a toy counter in a large fancy-goods store in this city, at a stipend of four dollars a week, the position to be retained only during the holidays. We are assured that this case is a typical one. Perhaps one reason why the outlook in this direction is so discouraging appears in the following incident: A young woman of seventeen, attractive but needy, obtained a situation as folder in a printing-office through the exertion of a benevolent acquaintance. On the first day she appeared at 9.30 o'clock, and earned a dollar. On the second day she appeared at 11.30 o'clock, and earned fifty cents. On the third day she did not appear at all. The kind-hearted person to whom she was indebted for this opportunity of making an honest living declares herself disinclined to do anything more for the irresolute and careless damsel.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN—A PARLEY BY THE WAY.—[See Page 843.]

CHARLES F. DOWD.—Photographed by Record & Epler.—[See Page 843.]

AUGUSTUS P. MARTIN, MAYOR-ELECT OF BOSTON.—Phot. by Warren.—[See Page 839.]

THIRLBY HALL.

By W. E. NORRIS,

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CHAPTER XXXIV.—(*Continued.*)

THE CATASTROPHE COMES.

Harry and I were thus left in sole possession of the field, and it became necessary that one or other of us should speak. He it was who broke the silence presently, in a steady though somewhat hoarse voice:

"I suppose you believe that cock and bull story?"

I glanced across the table at him, but his lowered eyes refused to meet mine. His face, colorless as usual, betrayed no emotion; only the hand with which he was stroking his mustache trembled slightly.

"Yes," I answered, "I believe it."

"Nevertheless," remarked Harry, "the evidence of a tipsy woman ought not to be considered conclusive, and the story in itself seems rather far-fetched. Taking it for granted that I wished to stand in your shoes, you are asked to believe that, instead of profiting by your own readiness to help me, I fell back upon a very dubious sort of plot, which might have been discovered at any moment, and was sure to be discovered in the long-run. The thing does not sound probable."

"I don't know that it matters much whether it is probable or improbable," I said. "The question is whether it occurred."

"Apparently there is no question about that in your mind. Well, you are quite right. I have lost the game, and I don't mind your seeing my hand. I did fully intend to do all that Paulina said. I thought that Lady Constance, who is fearfully hard up, and who, I believe, has a real weakness for you, might be induced to marry you under the rose, if I could persuade her that my father would certainly provide you with a sufficient income as soon as the marriage was an accomplished fact. I thought, too, that he would do a great deal to prevent that marriage, and that a will naming me as his heir would strike him in the light of a telling move. His obstinacy would probably prevent him from destroying it when once it was made. It was chance-work, of course; but it seemed just worth while to make the attempt, especially as I knew that you had strengthened your position by your ridiculous efforts to gain a pardon for me. As it happened, you know, I was not called upon to go on with the thing; but I still think that it might have succeeded."

"WHILE MAUD HAD BEEN SPEAKING, I HAD BEEN LYING ON THE GROUND AT HER FEET, AND LOOKING UP INTO HER BEAUTIFUL FACE, WHICH WAS HALF TURNED AWAY FROM ME."

The cool impudence of the man fairly astounded me, and deprived me, for the moment, of the use of my tongue.

"Do you mean me to understand," I exclaimed, indignantly, at last, "that all your protestations of gratitude and affection, and I don't know what else, were so many lies? Your preferring trickery to plain dealing I don't so much wonder at, since it seems that you have an invincible love for that sort of thing; but I can't for the life of me see why you should have made all that pretense of friendship."

"Well, if I hadn't, I should have had no opportunity of getting you and Lady Constance married, you know," answered Harry, with perfect composure.

I was half inclined to walk round the table and give him the thrashing he deserved; but I perceived that, under all the circumstances, such a course was scarcely practicable; so I contented myself with saying: "You are far and away the greatest scoundrel I ever saw or heard of."

Harry laughed a little. "Quite so," he said. "And afterward? I told you, when we first met, that I was a scoundrel. By-the-way, what Paulina said about my going to Germany on purpose to look you up was nonsense. It is true that I knew you were at Franzenshöhe, and, having to go there upon business of my own, I thought it might be as well to make your acquaintance, with a view to getting a rather larger allowance out of my father, if it could be managed. I had no idea of supplanting you at that time. Come, Charley," he added, in a slightly altered tone, "I am not altogether as black, nor as good an actor, as I have made myself out. I did feel grateful to you for taking me up; I was even grateful to you for asking my father to throw you over and put me in your place—though, between ourselves, that was rather a cheap piece of generosity; for you can't have been quite so simple as to suppose that he would take you at your word. Still, I give you credit for a certain degree of sincerity. And from the first I always had, and I have still, a real liking for you."

"And yet," I remarked, "you would have married me to Lady Constance to serve your own ends, although you knew you would be condemning us to what you, at all events, would consider a life of poverty and misery."

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "I assure you I deplored the necessity," answered he.

"I wonder what the General is about?" I sighed, after a long silence.

"Dear me! don't you know?" said Harry. "He is closeted with my father somewhere, holding a council of war, and urging the expediency of prompt and vigorous action. He will come in here presently, you'll see, to tell me that the upexpress leaves at 11.15 to-morrow morning. I only trust he won't add that my allowance is to be reduced; but I have my fears."

It was past ten o'clock when the General came in, with a grave and rather perturbed face.

"My brother has sent me to make a proposition to you," he said to Harry. "I don't approve of it myself, but I can't get him to see the matter as I do, and I am to lay his suggestion before you. I suppose you will be prepared to hear that he has given up all idea of leaving Thirlby to you?"

Harry nodded.

"And also that he thinks it would be for everybody's comfort that you should leave as soon as possible."

"Certainly," answered Harry. "It only remains for us to take ourselves off the first thing in the morning, and never be heard of again."

"I should say so," agreed the General. "To my mind that would be beyond all comparison the most satisfactory wind-up of the business. But Bernard, unfortunately, holds a rather different opinion. He doesn't consider himself justified in visiting the sins of the father upon the child; therefore he proposes, with your consent, to adopt the child; but only upon the distinct understanding that you resign all rights, present and future, over him, and that he becomes, as it were, my brother's son instead of yours."

"And suppose I decline this offer?" said Harry.

"Well, if you decline," answered the General, brightening visibly, "the property goes to Charley; and though the boy might come down here upon a visit every now and then, he would inherit nothing at my brother's death beyond the reversion of the sum which you have to expect. This appears to me to be in every way the most proper and suitable arrangement."

"Ah!" said Harry; "but, you see, I don't think I shall decline. If I agree to this, may I ask whether Jimmy would be allowed to come and see me, and if so, how often in the year?"

"He would not be allowed to see you at all," replied the General, curtly. "In fact, from the moment that you signed the agreement, you and his mother would cease to exist so far as he was concerned."

Harry flushed slightly. "Hard terms!—devilish hard terms!" he muttered.

"I dare say. I am not called upon to give an opinion as to that. You must judge for yourself whether you are entitled to expect easy terms, and also whether it would be for your son's advantage or not to be removed from his parents. There's the offer—you can take it or leave it."

Harry pushed back his chair, sprang to his feet, and began pacing up and down the room with quick, irregular steps. Presently he paused beside the table, his face convulsed by a curious smile. "It's a refined revenge!" said he.

"Not at all," returned the General; "it's an attempt to do justice, which you are not bound to take advantage of. Though I imagine that you will," he added, with a sigh.

"Damn it all, sir!" broke out Harry, fiercely, "do you suppose that, because I am this, that, and t'other, I have ceased to be a human being? Does a man become blind when he loses his hearing, or deaf when he loses his sight?"

"All this is quite beside the mark," answered the General, coldly, though he looked a little shamefaced, I thought. "It was my brother's wish that I should put the two alternatives before you, and I have done so. All I have to add is that there can be no compromise."

"Then tell him that I accept his infernal offer!" cried Harry. "He knows, and so do you, that I can't refuse. The boy is all I have to care for in the world, and I care for him enough to let him go. His mother will be glad to get rid of him, and he'll soon forget us both, I dare say. I am sorry for Charley, who is left out in the cold, but I am a great deal more sorry for myself. However, there's not much good in talking. Go and tell him that I accept."

The General bowed. "I have drawn up a draft agreement for your signature," he said. "Perhaps you will come with me into the study and put your name to it. If a more formal document is required, the lawyers will see to that in a day or two; though I doubt whether any legal contract could be made in such a matter."

"Thank you; I'll sign here," answered Harry. "I don't want to see my father any more as long as I live."

The General bowed again. "There is no necessity for your meeting that I am aware of," he said. "I will go and fetch the paper."

"I wish to God I had never come near this cursed place!" exclaimed Harry, as soon as he was gone. "You may say that it serves me right, and perhaps it does; but that's cold comfort."

The General came back, bearing a half-sheet of foolscap and a pen, which he handed to Harry. "I am to tell you," said he, "that you can take a couple of days for consideration, if you choose."

Harry seized the pen and scrawled his name at the foot of the agreement, without deigning to reply. Then he tossed the paper over to the General, saying: "There! When you give that to my father you may tell him that he can draw comparisons between me and himself at his leisure. We have both of us discarded an only son; but he kicked his out-of-doors because he hated him, whereas I have renounced mine because I love him. Sounds odd, doesn't it?—considering what a very good and virtuous man he is, and what an unmitigated ruffian I am. Perhaps his books of philosophy may help him to solve the problem."

The General, who had assumed a demeanor of cold inflexibility, only replied, "I am not here to undertake my brother's defense; but I think you are forgetting that you gave him very good reasons for drumming you out in the first instance, and that, since you have been here this time, you have lost no opportunity of convincing him that he was right."

"Right?—oh, to be sure he was right," returned Harry, with a laugh. "He has always been right; and that, I suppose, is why he finds it difficult to make the smallest allowance for people who are occasionally wrong. He is quite right, for instance, in removing an innocent child from the contagion of bad example. And yet, such is my ingratitude and perversity that, so far from admiring him for this last performance of his, I consider it to be, upon the whole, about the most cold-blooded piece of malignity I ever heard of."

And, without bidding either of us good-night, Harry turned on his heel and left the room.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MY UNCLE WISHES ME GOOD LUCK.

All my life I have been, in a humble sort of way, an observer of human character, and have taken such opportunities as have come to me of noticing its various developments under various conditions; but I have never been carried far enough by love of this kind of study to enjoy the spectacle of misery or disgrace. When, therefore, I woke up on the morning that was to witness the expulsion of Harry and Paulina from Thirlby, I became seized with a longing to run away so irresistible that I stole down the back stairs, requisitioned some bread and cheese which I found in the kitchen, and was half-way across the park, with my rod and fishing-basket, before I had time to reason with myself as to the propriety of such a line of conduct.

I spent what, under any other circumstances, would have been a very pleasant morning, and did not make for home again until after two o'clock, thus avoiding luncheon, as well as the distressing scene which I felt sure must have preceded that meal. As I was crossing the park, the General, walking briskly and swinging his stick, overtook me.

"Well, Charley," said he, somewhat anxiously, "is it all over? Our friends off and away, eh?"

"That is the very question," I answered, "that I was going to put to you. I haven't seen a soul, except Bunce, to-day. The truth is that I funked it, and bolted before breakfast."

"There are two of us, then," observed the General, laughing. "While I was dressing I thought to myself that my presence wouldn't be required, and I didn't much want to see that unfortunate chap say good-by to his son, you know; so I just walked over to have a chat with Dennison, and I have been at the Rectory ever since. I think it was rather shabby of you to slink away like that, Charley; I expected to hear from you how it all went off."

"And I expected to hear the same thing from you," retorted I; "so it's even."

I suppose we were both rather ashamed of ourselves, for we continued to exchange reproaches until we reached the house, where Mrs. Farquhar gave us a tearful and confused account of what had occurred. It seemed that Harry had behaved very well, but that Paulina, whose wrath of the previous evening had completely evaporated, had made a dreadful disturbance, accusing herself of having ruined her husband, offering to go away without him, and displaying a lamentable want of reticence before the servants. It had been thought better not to let Jimmy know that he would see his parents no more, and he had submitted to the parting with the utmost philosophy.

"It's an awful responsibility to have taken," concluded Mrs. Farquhar, sobbing, "and I can but pray that Bernard may not be called upon to give an account of it at the last day. I wash my hands of it—I've done *my* best—but, eh! he's a headstrong man!"

There was some comfort in hearing Mrs. Farquhar making an accusation which she assuredly would not have phrased in that way a few days before. Her manner, even more than her words, showed she had at last discovered my uncle to be a somewhat different person from what she had hitherto imagined, and there seemed ground for hope that she might entertain a salutary awe of him for the future. I left her appealing to the General to say whether events like these were not calculated to bring her gray hairs down with sorrow to the grave, and betook myself to the study, which my uncle's voice, in answer to my knock, at once bade me enter.

His face lighted up when he saw me. "Ah, Charley," he said, "I have been waiting a long time for you. Come and sit down here; I owe you an explanation."

I took a chair beside him, as he asked me, but assured him that he owed me nothing.

"Yet," he said, with a smile, "I don't think you would be satisfied if I kept silence."

"Not if you kept silence about it all," I confessed; "but I thought you meant that something ought to be said about my not inheriting the property."

"Well, so I do. Something must be said about that, undoubtedly."

"Not very much, then. We agreed upon that point long ago; and I am sure you have done the right thing in adopting Jimmy. Very likely you have done the right thing all through; but I can't help feeling a little uneasy about it, somehow."

"In what sense?"

"Only that one doesn't like to think of a father and child being separated forever. Upon the face of it, it does seem rather cruel."

"The necessity, no doubt, is cruel," answered my uncle, gravely; "but it does not appear to me that I, as the instrument of necessity, am any more cruel than the surgeon who cuts off a diseased limb. Of course it would have been easier and pleasanter not to perform the operation. I don't forget that, such as Harry is, I am in a great measure responsible for him. If I had only myself to think about, I should have no business to drive him away because he is what he is, or because he has a wife who drinks. But I am not to make fresh mistakes by way of atoning for old ones which can never be repaired now. For the boy's own sake, as well as for the sake of our name and of those who bore it before me, I am bound to do all in my power to bring him up as a gentleman and a man of honor; and I ask you, would the example of his father and mother be likely to do him good?"

"Do you think it would really do him so very much harm?" I said; for my uncle's deliberate utterances had by no means convinced me.

"I don't feel the smallest doubt about it," he answered; "you can't touch pitch and escape defilement. Very likely, if I were to allow the boy to go to his parents for a week or two every now and then, they would be upon their good behavior before him; they would try to avoid scandals and to live decently, or seem to live decently, while he was with them. But one of them, at least, could never change his nature; and I don't see how it would be possible for a growing lad to associate with him and not be the worse for it. Of course," he added, after a pause, "there are hosts of obvious objections to the plan that I have decided upon; but I have come to the conclusion that there could be worse objections to any other plan that could have been devised."

"What do you mean to say to Jimmy himself about it?" I inquired.

"That is a great difficulty, I allow. Happily, children have short memories, and are soon consoled. My hope is that he will like his new life well enough to accept it without many questions. As he grows older he will naturally wish for more information, and then he will have to be told the truth."

"Quite so; and then—unless he grows up very unlike other mortals—he will take his father's part."

"I dare say he may. When he is grown up there will be no objection to his meeting his father; only, as I shall take care that he will be able to do little or nothing for his father, in a pecuniary sense, either before or after my death, I think we may fairly doubt whether his advances will be responded to."

"What an awfully bad opinion you have of Harry!" I exclaimed.

"Have you a good opinion of him?"

"No; but let us give the devil his due. I think he is fond of Jimmy. He has shown it by giving the boy up; because, as you say, he can never get any personal profit out of the arrangement."

My uncle looked troubled, and sighed. "That is true," he answered. "It is a bad business. All I can say is that compromises would only have turned it into a worse one. And although I don't want to evade the responsibility of having suggested the present solution, I may remind you that Harry agreed to it of his own free-will. Had he chosen otherwise, I should have been better pleased. We might then have had Jimmy down here as much as possible, and among us, I think, we might have made something of him. Only, in that case, I should not have ventured to run the risk of making him my heir."

After this there was a rather long pause, during which my uncle fidgeted with the books and papers that were lying on the table before him. I knew what he was thinking about, and that he was waiting for me to open the subject which was uppermost in both our minds; but I was extremely reluctant to say the first word, and it was only when I saw that he would not speak at all, unless I did, that I began:

"Was what Paulina said last night true—that Harry wrote to you about me and Lady Constance Milner?"

"Oh yes," answered my uncle. "He wrote anonymously to begin with, and afterward he was careful that full reports of your proceedings should reach me through my mother. The whole thing was sufficiently silly and contemptible, and I need hardly say that I saw through it from the first. The result of it, however, he added, smiling, "is that I could give a tolerably accurate account of your relations with this lady from the time that George Warren first wrote to me about her up to a recent date."

"Why have you never said anything to me?" I asked.

"I thought perhaps you would say something to me," answered my uncle.

I confessed that I had been ashamed to speak. I said, "I knew what you must think of me. I told you, before I went abroad, that I should never change, and then, almost immediately, I did change. One doesn't like to acknowledge one's self a weather-cock."

"I fancy that most men would have to make that acknowledgment, if we lived in a Palace of Truth," observed my uncle. "If there had been an engagement between you and Miss Maud, the case would have been altogether different; but as there was none, I don't see that you have any very serious sin to reproach yourself with. What I should like to know, if you don't object to telling me, is whether you have chosen finally now."

"I am not sure," I answered, emboldened into saying aloud what I had hitherto hardly ventured to say to myself. "When I am away from her I sometimes think that it has been all a mistake; but as soon as I see her again I feel as if I had no will of my own, and must do whatever she tells me. It seems like awful bosh, I know," I continued, shamefacedly; "but I can't help thinking that she has some way of mesmerizing me."

"That sounds very uncomfortable," remarked my uncle. "Do you suppose that she has any—affection for you, or is she only amusing herself with these mesmeric performances?"

I replied that I hadn't the slightest idea. I did not believe that she was merely amusing herself; but, on the other hand, I could not say that I had any reason to suspect her of being in love with me. "However, it all signifies very little now," I concluded, "because she will certainly decline to marry me when she hears that I am not to have Thirlby."

"H'm!—if you are quite sure of that, Charley, I should strongly recommend you not to see her again," said my uncle. "From what you tell me, I doubt whether either of you will be brokenhearted."

I explained that this course, however advisable in the abstract, could not be adopted by me, as I had already promised to meet Lady Constance shortly in Yorkshire. "It will be our last meeting, most likely," I added, sadly.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

I MAKE A DISCOVERY.

When I left my uncle's study it was already past four o'clock, and I had not forgotten my appointment to meet Maud at five. I strolled down toward the place agreed upon, wondering what my uncle would think if he knew whither I was bound, and wondering still more what Maud would say to me. She would, of course, have heard the news from the General, and perhaps she might not now think it necessary to meet me at all. As a foreboding of this possibility crossed my mind, I became aware that I should be very much disappointed if it were fulfilled.

I made instinctively for the spot where Maud and I had parted two years before, and which I had never revisited until now. Everything was startlingly unchanged. There was the old punt, rotting away slowly in its old position; the osiers had not been thinned, nor the reeds meddled with; I could even hear the ducks hard by in the decoy which Bunce and I had constructed together so long ago. And while I stood gazing at the far-away opposite shore, and thinking that I would give ten years of my life to obliterate the last two and start afresh, I heard a rustle behind me, and turning round, saw the figure that had been wanting to render the resurrection of the dead past complete.

Maud had not mentioned any particular part of the water-side as being the scene of her evening walks, as this was a spot somewhat difficult to reach at times; yet I had felt sure that it was here that we should meet; and now she was standing at my elbow, looking at me with grave, sorrowful eyes.

I couldn't help it—I knew it was wrong—but, as I held her hand, I murmured, "Do you remember?"

She nodded. "Have you been here since?" she asked.

"Never. And you?"

"No; this is the first time. How unaltered it all is!"

"Yes," said I, sadly; "nothing is changed, except—"

"Except everything," she interrupted, hastily. "Suppose we go somewhere else."

She turned as she spoke, and brushing through the reeds and undergrowth, made her way into the thick of the woods, I following her. After a time we came to the fallen trunk of a tree, upon which she seated herself, remarking:

"So it is all over and settled! I had prepared

a great many very sensible things to say to you; but they will have to remain unsaid. There is nothing to be done now but to make the best of it."

"You don't look pleased," I observed.

"As far as I can make out, nobody is pleased," she returned. "General Le Marchant is not; he says his brother is not; Mrs. Farquhar, it appears, is in the depths of woe; and as for your cousin and his wife, one can imagine what *their* feelings are likely to be. Really, I don't know who is pleased—unless you have the perversity to tell me that you are."

"I am a good deal better pleased than I was yesterday afternoon, anyhow," said I. "I little thought then that we should have taken a final leave of Harry and Paulina within twenty-four hours. And I believe, upon the whole, I am glad that Jimmy is to take up his abode here. He will be a companion for my uncle, and I dare say he won't miss his father very much. One can't wish that he should."

"His father," observed Maud, "appears to have got his deserts; and now that he has been kicked off into space, one may allow one's self to feel a little sorry for him, perhaps. Only I wish he had seen fit to take his child with him. General Le Marchant says they would have been quite comfortably off, and he thinks your uncle was a good deal taken aback when his offer was accepted. However, the thing is done now, and can't be undone."

"I, for one, have no wish to undo it."

"That is nonsense, Charley!" exclaimed Maud, drawing her brows together. "One may bear misfortunes, and put a good face upon them; but I never yet heard of anybody who said he liked them."

I submitted that it was not always so easy to tell what were and what were not misfortunes.

"I can't see much difficulty in the present instance," Maud declared; "and though you won't say that you are disgusted, I haven't the slightest objection to acknowledge that I am. All this long time I have watched Mrs. Farquhar busily building up her plot, bit by bit, dropping little doses of calumny here and there, sighing over you as a reprobate, and letting fall mysterious hints about 'poor dear Bernard,' and 'poor dear Harry,' and the obstinacy of the one and the wrongs and repentance of the other; and I have consoled myself by thinking that the truth would certainly come out one of these fine days. Now the truth has come out at last, and after all the wrong side wins! One can't blame anybody either, which adds to the bitterness of one's disappointment." She ceased for a moment, and then resumed: "My regrets are chiefly mercenary, and if you don't share them, so much the better. But you told me in London that your engagement to Lady Constance Milner would be broken off if you were disinherited, and surely you will allow that to be a misfortune."

While Maud had been speaking I had been lying on the ground at her feet, and looking up into her beautiful face, which was half turned away from me. I heard what she said, but I paid little attention to it; for, as I lay there listening to her, I was recalling the regretful expression I had seen in her eyes at the moment of our meeting; I was thinking, as I had often thought before, of George Warren's prophetic words, and I was admitting to myself for the first time that they were true. A pale glimmer of sunshine escaped from the clouds, and penetrated through the thick foliage overhead: it seemed to me like a presage of brighter things. All that had happened in the past two years appeared on a sudden to have had no actual existence. I awoke from my long dream, and knew that in truth I had never ceased to love Maud at all.

From the mingled pleasure and pain of this swift discovery I was roused by the sound of Lady Constance Milner's name, and I said, slowly: "I am not engaged to Lady Constance; but if I were, I should think it anything but a misfortune that the engagement would now have to come to an end."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Maud, rather impatiently.

"Exactly what I say," I replied. "I have come to my senses, that's all. One afternoon—it was among the ruins of an old Greek theatre in Sicily—I lost my head, and I thought I had lost my heart too. Ever since then I have been nursing that delusion; it has required a good deal of nursing at times, but at last I am quit of it. I know now that I have never really been in love with Lady Constance."

Maud shifted her position a little, so as to face me. "And pray when did you find this out?" she asked.

"About five minutes ago, I think," answered I.

She either did not understand me or did not choose to do so. She rose from the log upon which she had been seated, stood for an instant, looking away from me, and then—

"You will think differently after you have seen her again, perhaps," she said. "Shall we walk on? I can't stay out late this evening."

We passed through the trees in single file, neither of us speaking for some little time; but at length Maud stopped, and faced about abruptly.

"I wish you wouldn't talk as you have taken to doing lately," she said. "You are not a bit like what you used to be. You seem anxious to make me believe that you don't care a straw about anything."

That was not quite the effect that I had intended to produce; but I only answered, "I don't care very much about having lost Thirlby, I confess; and, after what I said just now, you must see that I can't care very much about the consequences of my having lost it either."

"You had no business to say what you did just now," she returned.

"But if it was true?"

"It *can not* be true," replied Maud, with a touch of anger.

"But it is," I persisted.

"Then," said she, dryly, "I don't envy you the duty of telling Lady Constance the truth."

"I don't think I shall be called upon to tell her anything beyond the fact of Jimmy's promotion," I said. "That will be quite conclusive."

"And yet," remarked Maud, thoughtfully, "she must care a good deal for you, or she would not have thought of marrying you upon the strength of your expectations. What if she were to say that she was willing to take you as you are?"

"She won't."

"But supposing that she did?"

"Well, in such a case," I replied, "I don't think I could draw back. I don't think I could tell her that I found I had made a mistake. No! I should have to go on with it then, and forever hold my peace."

"Come!" cried Maud, "I am glad to hear you say that. That is the first satisfactory thing that you have said this afternoon. And do you know, I should not be very much surprised if she did consent to marry you, in spite of all your poverty."

"You don't know Lady Constance," I said. "She will never consent to marry a poor man. If she is in one of her softer moods, she will perhaps express some regret; but she will certainly send me about my business. And so, you see," I added, "the misfortune you were speaking of may turn out to be no misfortune after all."

Maud walked on without replying. As soon as we had emerged from the wood, and I could step up to her side, I asked her why she should wish me to marry a woman whom I did not love.

"I never said that I wished that," she answered; "I was only glad to hear that you recognized some sort of obligation in the matter. If you change about in the way that you say you do, it is no fault of yours, perhaps—I suppose you can't help it—but I think you ought to understand that everybody is not like that. Now I must say good-by, for I promised to go and see one or two poor people before dinner."

Had her words a double meaning? If they had, I could well afford to put up with a rebuke which my conscience told me was not undeserved. Her manner was decidedly colder than it had been at the beginning of our interview; but I was not surprised at that, nor was I discouraged. I watched her out of sight, and then walked homeward with a light heart, for I thought to myself, "Come what may, I have at least found my liberty again."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHRISTMAS—THE CRY OF THE OUTCAST.

CHRISTMAS, Thanksgiving, and New-Year's Day are peculiarly the seasons of charity. It is then that those give who never gave before, and those who have never ceased to give redouble their benefactions. All over the world the close of the old year, the opening of the new, seem to have had a softening and refining influence, and made men more thoughtful for each other. Then, at least, they have learned "the luxury of doing good," and have forgotten to be wholly selfish. In the Roman world the Saturnalia seemed to bring back the age of peace and human equality, and the *sportulæ* of the Roman clients were never so well filled as in the chill months of winter. In China at New-Year's Day every one gives gifts and kind words, and the poor are not forgotten. Christmas over Europe and America comes bearing the same lesson of good-will. Never were the gifts of charity more abundant than now, and in all the great capitals of Christendom the sums given to the poor grow annually in a larger ratio than the population. No one can look over the long list of New York charities without feeling a happy consciousness that selfishness is yielding to the higher impulses of freedom.

Yet never were the wants of the poor greater over all Christendom, never was there more need of intelligent labor for those who can not help themselves. In a recent pamphlet in London, "The Outcry of the Outcast," we are shown the fearful want, the untold wretchedness and crime, that haunt the poor quarters of the richest city of the world. The London newspapers and two or three political leaders have taken up the melancholy theme. They admit that civilization has retreated from many parts of London, and that vice and misery are the leading traits of a large section of its population. The homes of its people are often worse than those of savages; the training of its children is often more brutal and dangerous than that of the wildest tenant of an African village; the family life of thousands of its population is below that of the brute; misery, disease, vice, crime, haunt the uncleanly homes of hundreds of thousands of the inhabitants; a hopeless future opens upon countless lives. And the condition of London represents that of all great cities. Paris, Naples, and Vienna are even worse off. Berlin and Liverpool are centres of remorseless want. If we cross the ocean, we find that the spectre of human misery haunts us still. Our finest cities, Boston and Philadelphia, Chicago or New York, still echo the "outcry of the outcast." Our freedom, our boundless charity, have failed to shield us from these scenes of hopeless woe.

It is something, at least, that we have begun to see our danger. It is time that we prepare to ward off from the New World the spectre that appears so terrible in the Old. In London and Paris the evil is partly attributed to overcrowding. The Paris municipality proposes to throw down its walls and extend the space allotted to the homes of the working classes. In London, philanthropists, almost hopeless in the presence of so much of human degradation, are still looking for its removal in better houses and a general education. But it is remarkable how religion, philanthropy, and every form of active benevolence have in all past ages failed wholly to extirpate human want. Charity in the Middle Ages produced only a general beggary. Charity in the time of Sir Thomas More was only a cloak for clerical selfishness. His *Utopia* is a bitter satire on the cruelty of priests and kings. Charity in the opening of the century had left Europe a land of misery. Charity, boundless as it is in London and New York, has failed to reach its aim; men, women, children, still perish of want in cities that boast of their wealth and splendor.

The problem is an unsolved one. Is it not left for us to solve? There is no doubt that charity fails of its aim because it is never judiciously organized and directed. Sectarian, philanthropic, and almost every other form of alms-giving is pursued in a costly, careless way; the expenses of collection and distribution sometimes consume the income, as is often the case in London; or the great number of small charitable institutions impede and clash with each other, as in New York. It is plain that charity wants a definite organization and a clear aim. It must provide improved homes, free air, a pure moral influence, for those it would aid; it must possess a government as wide as the nation itself, or at least the city it would benefit. Can we not have a "Society of the Public Good"—a league of the charitable in every city, from ocean to ocean, to discuss, determine, and carry out with energy the plans it may approve of? In this way New York would unite with New Orleans, Boston with San Francisco, and a higher aim be given to the people.

In the hundredth year of our freedom we seem pledged to such a scheme. It was the promise of our forefathers that the crimes and want of the Old World should be banished from the New. The promise is not fulfilled. It is in part our fault. Let us listen on this glad anniversary season to the "outcry of the outcast," and bring all our intelligence to their relief.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

THE BELLS OF TRINITY.

THE bells of Trinity ring out,
And far and wide their music ring;
Above the noise and tramp and shout,
Between the earth and heavens they ring.
A moment stay
Upon your way,
And hear them say:
"Chime, happy bells, all strife above—
Chime, chime, '*The Bread of Life is Love.*'"

The bells of Trinity ring out
Like tongues of angels, glad and strong;
The hammer's beat, the workman's shout,
Their wondrous harmonies prolong.
A moment stay
Upon your way,
And hear them say:
"Brave hearts, true hearts, no duty shirk;
Labor: '*The Salt of Life is Work.*'"

The bells of Trinity ring glad,
Ring happily o'er joy and grief,
And hearts with dark despairing sad
Find in their chime some sweet relief.
"Hope on," they say;
"The dawning day
Drives clouds away.
If faint and thirsty in the strife,
Then Hope, *for Hope's the Stream of Life.*"

The bells of Trinity ring clear
Above the sounds of trade and gain;
And weak souls, halting in their fear,
Perchance may hear this bolder strain:
"Flee not from grief;
Time brings relief—
The watch is brief.
Hold on; be patient in the strife,
For *Patience is the Strength of Life.*"

The bells of Trinity ring sweet.
Ah! gentle soul, if you draw near,
Perchance may drop into the street
Some tones so musical and clear
That day by day
Upon your way
Your soul shall say,
"I know, though I be true and strong,
The Sweetness of my Life is Song."

The bells of Trinity ring high,
Ring far and wide, ring east and west.
O toiling men that fear and sigh,
Hear what they say, and be at rest:
"True hearts, good cheer!
There is no fear,
For God is near.
However hard and dark the strife,
Trust Him: *Faith is the Light of Life.*"

BOSTON'S NEW MAYOR.

GENERAL AUGUSTUS P. MARTIN, the Citizens' candidate, who, without spending a dollar or soliciting a vote, has been elected Mayor of Boston, is widely known among business men, and is exceedingly popular. He is less than fifty years of age, and is in the height of his prime. When a child his parents removed from Abbott, Maine, where he was born, to the city of Boston. There he attended the public schools, and afterward passed through Wilbraham Academy, and finished at a private school in Melrose. He has been a very successful business man. Beginning as salesman, he gradually worked his way up into a partnership, and to-day is the sole proprietor of a large establishment. During the war he distinguished himself by his bravery, and was promoted by degrees until finally he led his brigade at Gettysburg. He was brevetted Colonel for his "gallant and meritorious conduct." He has held a number of prominent public positions, and in all of them has won the approval of the people.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE festivities attending what the local reporter calls an "old-fashioned" wedding in Rantoul, Wisconsin, recently, endured for three days. One of the striking features of the festivities was "a wrestling match between a Rantoul girl and a gentleman of Chilton, in which the girl succeeded in throwing the Chiltonian three successive times."

An aged Kentucky woman can not see from her window in the Floyd County poor-house the neighboring fine farm of her son, who is worth $20,000—because, it is said, she is blind.

It is alleged, with the confirmatory statements of time and names, that an Indiana man who had taken his daughter into a Chicago dry-goods store was asked by her, as she caught sight of the elevator, "What is that, pa—that thing going up and down with the sofies in it?" and that the father replied, after a long, calm, and careful scrutiny, "It's a telephone—the first I ever seen!"

The Chicago papers, reverting to the fact that the Republican National Convention will assemble in that city next June, jocosely assure Cincinnati that neither of the Presidential Conventions could afford to meet there, because it is behind time. The rest of the United States, they say, is running by the new standard, but Cincinnati still goes by grandfather's clock, and it is to be feared that a ticket nominated by such time would get left.

It has been a general impression that tramps liked Connecticut, but news comes of one who had some fault to find in that State. Mr. Thompson, of Bridgeport, in answer to his request for something to eat, gave him some ham, which he declared to be too fat. When Mr. Thompson attempted to reason with him the tramp attacked his benefactor with a knife, and slashed his face in a most shocking manner.

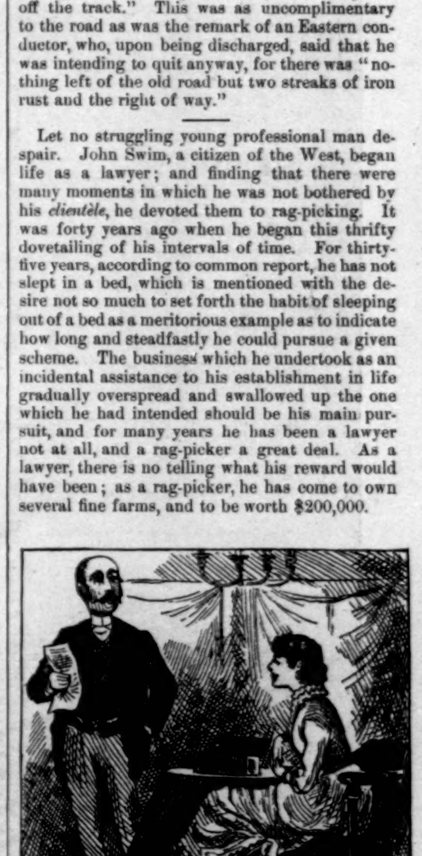
Beef tea is coming to be a popular beverage in bar-rooms. The idea started, it is said, in Omaha. The price is ten cents anywhere off Broadway. Since its introduction the sale of hot-water cocktails has notably diminished.

It is said that the recent strangely crimson sunsets mean that the temperature will go below zero in those places where they have been observed. If this is so, the fact will awaken considerable interest when it becomes known in India, which is one of the lands to which the brilliant spectacle has extended.

How sudden the West is! Denver is still quite in the flush of youth, and yet the Denver University has just received a new equatorial telescope of extraordinary power, and conservative citizens are making a determined stand to prevent the Denver Elevated Railroad Company from carrying out its schemes.

To a passenger's question, "We've struck a smoother strip of road, haven't we?" an Arkansas railway conductor replied, "No; we've only run off the track." This was as uncomplimentary to the road as was the remark of an Eastern conductor, who, upon being discharged, said that he was intending to quit anyway, for there was "nothing left of the old road but two streaks of iron rust and the right of way."

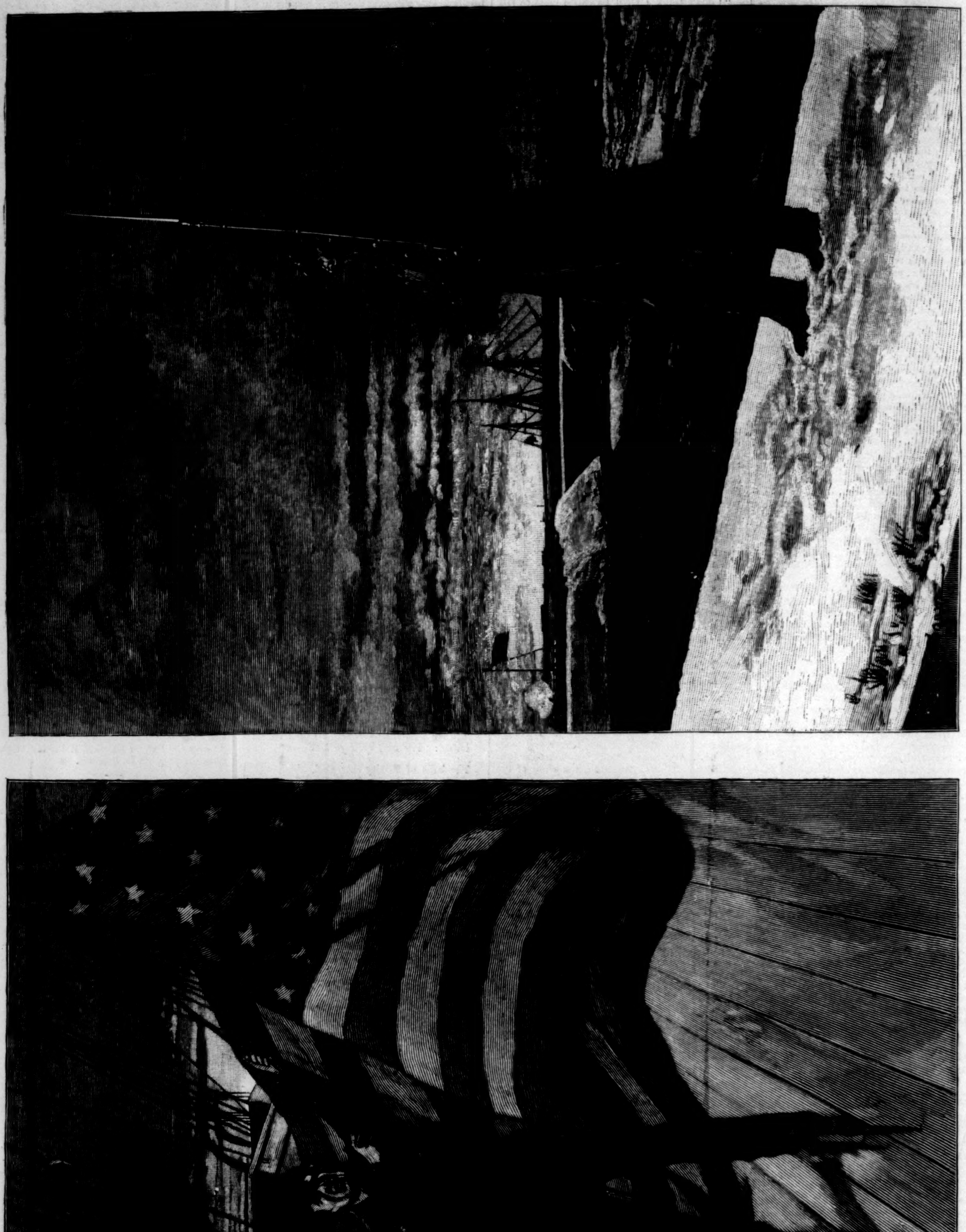
Let no struggling young professional man despair. John Swim, a citizen of the West, began life as a lawyer; and finding that there were many moments in which he was not bothered by his *clientèle*, he devoted them to rag-picking. It was forty years ago when he began this thrifty dovetailing of his intervals of time. For thirty-five years, according to common report, he has not slept in a bed, which is mentioned with the desire not so much to set forth the habit of sleeping out of a bed as a meritorious example as to indicate how long and steadfastly he could pursue a given scheme. The business which he undertook as an incidental assistance to his establishment in life gradually overspread and swallowed up the one which he had intended should be his main pursuit, and for many years he has been a lawyer not at all, and a rag-picker a great deal. As a lawyer, there is no telling what his reward would have been; as a rag-picker, he has come to own several fine farms, and to be worth $200,000.



SO GENEROUS!

SMITH. "Eh—what's this? Bill from the jeweller for watch chain? I've had no watch chain."

WIFE. "Oh yes, dear. *It's the one I gave you for a Christmas present.*"



CHRISTMAS SUNRISE, AFLOAT AND ASHORE.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.

CHRISTMAS MORNING—"COMIN' FROM DE STORE."

THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

[See Illustration on Front Page.]

On a cold, frosty day an Ant was dragging some corn which he had laid up in the summer-time. A Grasshopper, half perished with cold and hunger, besought the Ant to give him some of his substance. "What were you doing," said the Ant, "this last summer?" "Oh," said the Grasshopper, "I kept singing all the summer long." Said the Ant, "Since you could sing all summer, you may dance all winter."

Winter finds out what summer lays by.—*Æsop's Fables.*

"I SAY NO:"*

or,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE FIRST.

AT SCHOOL.

CHAPTER IV.

MISS LADD'S DRAWING MASTER.

Francine was awakened the next morning by one of the house-maids bringing up her breakfast on a tray. Astonished at this concession to laziness in an institution devoted to the practice of all the virtues, she looked round. The bedroom was deserted.

"The other young ladies are as busy as bees, miss," the house-maid explained. "They were up and dressed two hours ago, and the breakfast has been cleared away long since. It's Miss Emily's fault. She wouldn't allow them to wake you; she said you could be of no possible use down-stairs, and you had better be treated like a visitor. Miss Cecilia was so distressed at your missing your breakfast that she spoke to the housekeeper, and I was sent up to you. Please to excuse it if the tea's cold. This is Grand Day, and we are all topsy-turvy in consequence."

Inquiring what "Grand Day" meant, and why it produced this extraordinary result in a ladies' school, Francine discovered that the first day of the vacation was devoted to the distribution of prizes in the presence of parents, guardians, and friends. An entertainment was added, comprising those merciless tests of human endurance called recitations, light refreshments and musical performances being distributed at intervals to encourage the exhausted audience. The local newspaper sent a reporter to describe the proceedings, and some of Miss Ladd's young ladies enjoyed the intoxicating luxury of seeing their names in print.

"It begins at three o'clock," the house-maid went on; "and what with practicing and rehearsing, and ornamenting the school-room, there's a hubbub fit to make a person's head spin. Besides which," said the girl, lowering her voice and approaching a little nearer to Francine, "we have all been taken by surprise. The first thing in the morning Miss Jethro left us, without saying good-by to anybody."

"Who is Miss Jethro?"

"The new teacher, miss. We none of us liked her, and we all suspect there's something wrong. Miss Ladd and the clergyman had a long talk together yesterday (in private, you know), and they sent for Miss Jethro, which looks bad, doesn't it? Is there anything more I can do for you, miss? It's a beautiful day after the rain. If I was you, I should go and enjoy myself in the garden."

Having finished her breakfast, Francine decided on profiting by this sensible suggestion.

The servant who showed her the way to the garden was not favorably impressed by the new pupil: Francine's temper asserted itself a little too plainly in her face. To a girl possessing a high opinion of her own importance it was not very agreeable to feel herself excluded, as an illiterate stranger, from the one absorbing interest of her school-fellows. "Will the time ever come," she wondered, bitterly, "when I shall win a prize, and sing and play before all the company? How I should enjoy making the girls envy me!"

A broad lawn, overshadowed at one end by fine old trees, flower beds and shrubberies, and winding paths prettily and invitingly laid out, made the garden a welcome refuge on that fine summer morning. The novelty of the scene, after her experience in the West Indies, the delicious breezes cooled by the rain of the night, exerted their cheering influence even on the sullen disposition of Francine. She smiled, in spite of herself, as she followed the pleasant paths, and heard the birds singing their summer songs over her head.

Wandering among the trees, which occupied a considerable extent of ground, she passed into an open space beyond, and discovered an old fish-pond overgrown by aquatic plants. Dribblets of water trickled from a dilapidated fountain in the middle. On the farther side of the pond the ground sloped downward toward the south, and revealed, over a low paling, a pretty view of a village and its church, backed by fir woods mounting the heathy sides of a range of hills beyond. A fanciful little wooden building, imitating the form of a Swiss cottage, was placed so as to command the prospect. Near it, in the shadow of the building, stood a rustic chair and table, with a color-box on one, and a portfolio on the other. Fluttering over the grass, at the mercy of the capricious breeze, was a neglected sheet of drawing paper. Francine ran round the pond, and picked up the paper just as it was on the point of being tilted into the water. It contained a sketch in water-colors of the village and the woods. Francine had looked at the view itself with indifference; the picture of the view interested her. Ordinarily visitors to galleries of art which admit students show the same strange perversity. The work of the copyist commands their whole attention; they take no interest in the original picture.

Looking up from the sketch, Francine was startled. She discovered a man, at the window of the Swiss summer-house, watching her.

"When you have done with that drawing," he said, quietly, "please let me have it back again."

He was tall and thin and dark. His finely shaped, intelligent face—hidden, as to the lower part of it, by a curly black beard—would have been absolutely handsome, even in the eyes of a school-girl, but for the deep furrows that marked it prematurely between the eyebrows and at the sides of the mouth. In the same way an underlying mockery impaired the attraction of his otherwise refined and gentle manner. Among his fellow-creatures, children and dogs were the only critics who appreciated his merits without discovering the defects which lessened the favorable appreciation of him by men and women. He dressed neatly, but his morning coat was badly made, and his picturesque felt hat was too old. In short, there seemed to be no good quality about him which was not perversely associated with a drawback of some kind. He was one of those harmless and luckless men, possessed of excellent qualities, who fail, nevertheless, to achieve popularity in their social sphere.

Francine handed his sketch to him through the window, doubtful whether the words that he had addressed to her were spoken in jest or in earnest.

"I only presumed to touch your drawing," she said, "because it was in danger."

"What danger?" he inquired.

Francine pointed to the pond. "If I had not been in time to pick it up, it would have been blown into the water."

"Do you think it was worth picking up?"

Putting that question, he looked first at the sketch, then at the view which it represented, then back again at the sketch. The corners of his mouth turned upward with a humorous expression of scorn. "Madame Nature," he said, "I beg your pardon." With those words, he composedly tore his work of art into small pieces, and scattered them out of the window.

"What a pity!" said Francine.

He joined her on the ground outside the cottage. "Why is it a pity?" he asked.

"Such a nice drawing."

"It isn't a nice drawing."

"You're not very polite, sir."

He looked at her—and sighed, as if he pitied so young a woman for having a temper so ready to take offense. In his flattest contradictions he always preserved the character of a politely positive man.

"Put it in plain words, miss," he replied. "I have offended the predominant sense in your nature—your sense of self-esteem. You don't like to be told, even indirectly, that you know nothing of Art. In these days everybody knows everything—and thinks nothing worth knowing, after all. But beware how you presume on an appearance of indifference, which is nothing but conceit in disguise. The ruling passion of civilized humanity is Conceit. You may try the regard of your dearest friend in any other way, and be forgiven. Ruffle the smooth surface of your friend's self-esteem, and there will be an unacknowledged coolness between you which will last for life. Excuse me for giving you the benefit of my trumpery experience. This sort of smart talk is *my* form of conceit. Can I be of use to you in some better way? Are you looking for one of our young ladies?"

Francine began to feel a certain reluctant interest in him when he spoke of "our young ladies." She asked if he belonged to the school.

The corners of his mouth turned up again. "I'm one of the masters," he said. "Are *you* going to belong to the school, too?"

Francine bent her head, with a gravity and condescension intended to keep him at his proper distance. Far from being discouraged, he permitted his curiosity to take additional liberties. "Are you to have the misfortune of being one of my pupils?" he asked.

"I don't know who you are."

"You won't be much wiser when you do know. My name is Alban Morris."

Francine corrected herself. "I mean I don't know what you teach."

Alban Morris pointed to the fragments of his sketch from Nature. "I am a bad artist," he said. "Some bad artists become Royal Academicians. Some take to drink. Some get a pension. And some—I am one of them—find refuge in schools. Drawing is an 'extra' at this school. Will you take my advice? Spare your good father's pocket: say you don't want to learn to draw."

He was so gravely in earnest that Francine burst out laughing. "You are a strange man," she said.

"Wrong again, miss. I am only an unhappy man."

The furrows in his face deepened, the latent humor died out of his eyes. He turned to the summer-house window, and took up a pipe and tobacco pouch left on the ledge.

"I lost my only friend last year," he said. "Since the death of my dog, my pipe is the one companion I have left. Naturally I am not allowed to enjoy the honest fellow's society in the presence of ladies. They have their own taste in perfumes. Their clothes and their letters reek with the fœtid secretion of the musk-deer. The clean vegetable smell of tobacco is unendurable to them. Allow me to retire—and let me thank you for the trouble you took to save my drawing."

The tone of indifference in which he expressed his gratitude piqued Francine. She resented it by drawing her own conclusion from what he had said of the ladies and the musk-deer. "I was wrong in admiring your drawing," she said; "and wrong again in thinking you a strange man. Am I wrong, for the third time, in believing that you dislike women?"

"I am sorry to say you are right," Alban Morris answered, gravely.

"Is there not even one exception?"

The instant the words passed her lips she saw that there was some secretly sensitive feeling in him which she had hurt. His black brows gathered into a frown, his piercing eyes looked at her with angry surprise. It was over in a moment. He raised his shabby hat and made her a bow.

"There is a sore place still left in me," he said, "and you have innocently hit it. Good-morning."

Before she could speak again he had turned the corner of the summer-house, and was lost to view in a shrubbery on the westward side of the grounds.

CHAPTER V.

DISCOVERIES IN THE GARDEN.

Left by herself, Miss De Sor turned back again by way of the trees.

So far her interview with the drawing master had helped to pass the time. Some girls might have found it no easy task to arrive at a true view of the character of Alban Morris. Francine's essentially superficial observation set him down as "a little mad," and left him there, judged and dismissed to her entire satisfaction.

Arriving at the lawn, she discovered Emily pacing backward and forward, with her head down and her hands behind her, deep in thought. Francine's high opinion of herself would have carried her past any of the other girls, unless they had made special advances to her. She stopped and looked at Emily.

It is the sad fate of little women in general to grow too fat and to be born with short legs. Emily's slim, finely strung figure spoke for itself as to the first of these misfortunes, and asserted its happy freedom from the second if she only walked across a room. Nature had built her, from head to foot, on a skeleton scaffolding in perfect proportion. Tall or short matters little to the result in women who possess the first and foremost advantage of beginning well in their bones. When they live to old age, they often astonish thoughtless men who walk behind them in the streets. "I give you my honor, she was as easy and upright as a young girl; and when you got in front of her, and looked—white hair, and seventy years of age!"

Francine approached Emily, moved by a rare impulse in her nature—the impulse to be sociable. "You look out of spirits," she remarked. "Surely you don't regret leaving school?"

In her present mood, Emily took the opportunity (in the popular phrase) of snubbing Francine. "You have guessed wrong; I do regret," she answered. "I have found in Cecilia my dearest friend at school. And school brought with it the change in my life which has helped me to bear the loss of my father. If you must know what I was thinking of just now, I was thinking of my aunt. She has not answered my last letter, and I am beginning to be afraid she is ill. If you find me in poor spirits, that is the reason."

"I'm very sorry," said Francine.

"Why? You don't know my aunt, and you have only known me since yesterday afternoon. Why are you sorry?"

Francine remained silent. Without realizing it, she was beginning to feel the dominant influence that Emily exercised over the weaker natures that came in contact with her. To find herself irresistibly attracted by a stranger at a new school—an unfortunate little creature, whose destiny was to earn her own living—filled the narrow mind of Miss De Sor with perplexity. Having waited in vain for a reply, Emily turned away, and resumed the train of thought which her school-fellow had interrupted.

By an association of ideas of which she was not herself aware, she now passed from thinking of her aunt to thinking of Miss Jethro. The interview of the previous night had dwelt on her mind at intervals in the hours of the new day.

Acting on instinct rather than on reason, she had kept that remarkable incident in her school life a secret from every one. No discoveries had been made by other persons. In speaking to her staff of teachers, Miss Ladd had alluded to the affair in the most cautious terms. "Circumstances of a private nature have obliged the lady to retire from my school. When we meet after the holidays another teacher will be in her place." There Miss Ladd's explanation had begun and ended. Inquiries addressed to the servants had led to no result. Miss Jethro's luggage was to be forwarded to the London terminus of the railway, and Miss Jethro herself had baffled investigation by leaving the school on foot. Emily's interest in the lost teacher was not the transitory interest of curiosity; her father's mysterious friend was a person whom she honestly desired to see again. Perplexed by the difficulty of finding a means of tracing Miss Jethro, she reached the shady limit of the trees, and turned to walk back again. Approaching the place at which she and Francine had met, an idea occurred to her. It was just possible that Miss Jethro might not be unknown to her aunt.

Still meditating on the cold reception that she had encountered, and still feeling the influence which mastered her in spite of herself, Francine looked up, and saw Emily approaching. The sense of injury, strong as it was, failed to sustain her. For the first time in her life she was ready to forgive. Interpreting Emily's return as an implied expression of regret, she advanced with a constrained smile, and spoke first.

"How are the young ladies getting on in the school-room?" she asked, by way of renewing the conversation.

Emily's face assumed a look of surprise which said plainly, Can't you take a hint, and leave me to myself?

Francine was constitutionally impenetrable to reproof of this sort: her thick skin was not even tickled. "Why are you not helping them," she went on—"you who have the clearest head among us, and take the lead in everything?"

It may be a humiliating confession to make, yet it is surely true, that we are all accessible to flattery. Different tastes appreciate different methods of burning incense, but the perfume is more or less agreeable to all varieties of noses. Francine's method had its tranquillizing effect on Emily. She answered, indulgently, "My dear, I have nothing to do with it."

"Nothing to do with it? No prizes to win before you leave school?"

"I won all the prizes years ago."

"But there are recitations. Surely you recite?"

Harmless words in themselves, pursuing the same smooth course of flattery as before, but with what a different result! Emily's face reddened with anger the moment they were spoken. Having already irritated Alban Morris, unlucky Francine, by a second mischievous interposition of accident, had succeeded in making Emily smart next. "Who has told you?" she burst out. "I insist on knowing!"

"Nobody has told me anything," Francine declared, piteously.

"Nobody has told you how I have been insulted?"

"No, indeed! Oh, my dear, who could insult *you?*"

In a man, the sense of injury does sometimes submit to the discipline of silence. In a woman—never. Suddenly reminded of her past wrongs (by the pardonable error of a polite school-fellow), Emily committed the startling inconsistency of appealing to the sympathies of Francine!

"Would you believe it? I have been forbidden to recite—I, the head girl of the school. Oh, not to-day! It happened a month ago, when we were all in consultation, making our arrangements. Miss Ladd asked me if I had decided on a piece to recite. I said, 'I have not only decided, I have learned the piece.' 'And what may it be?' 'The dagger scene in *Macbeth*.' There was a howl—I can call it by no other name—a howl of indignation. A man's soliloquy, and, worse still, a murdering man's soliloquy, recited by one of Miss Ladd's young ladies before an audience of parents and guardians! That was the tone they took with me. I was as firm as a rock. The dagger scene or nothing. The result is—nothing! An insult to Shakspeare, and an insult to me. I felt it; I feel it still. I was prepared for any sacrifice in the cause of the drama. If Miss Ladd had met me in a proper spirit, do you know what I would have done? I would have played Macbeth in costume. Just hear me, and judge for yourself. I begin with a dreadful vacancy in my eyes, and a hollow moaning of my voice, 'Is this a dagger that I see before me—'"

Reciting with her face toward the trees, Emily started, dropped the character of Macbeth, and instantly became herself again—herself, with a rising color and an angry brightening of the eyes. "Excuse me; I can't trust my memory: I must get the play." With that abrupt apology, she walked away rapidly in the direction of the house.

In some surprise, Francine turned and looked at the trees. She discovered—in full retreat, on his side—the eccentric drawing master, Alban Morris.

Did he too admire the dagger scene? And was he modestly desirous of hearing it recited without showing himself? In that case, why should Emily (whose besetting weakness was certainly not want of confidence in her own resources) leave the garden the moment she caught sight of him? Francine consulted her instincts. She had just arrived at a conclusion which expressed itself outwardly by a malicious smile, when gentle Cecilia appeared on the lawn—a lovable object in a broad straw hat and a white dress, with a nosegay in her bosom—smiling, and fanning herself.

"It's so hot in the school-room," she said, "and some of the girls, poor things, are so ill-tempered at rehearsal, I have made my escape. I hope you got your breakfast, Miss De Sor. What have you been doing here all by yourself?"

"I have been making an interesting discovery," Francine replied.

"An interesting discovery in our garden? What *can* it be?"

"The drawing master, my dear, is in love with Emily. Perhaps she doesn't care about him. Or perhaps I have been an innocent obstacle in the way of an appointment between them."

Cecilia had breakfasted to her heart's content on her favorite dish—buttered eggs. She was in such good spirits that she was inclined to be coquettish, even when there was no man present to fascinate. "We are not allowed to talk about love in this school," she said, and hid her face behind her fan. "Besides, if it came to Miss Ladd's ears, poor Mr. Morris might lose his situation."

"But isn't it true?" asked Francine.

"It may be true, my dear; but nobody knows. Emily hasn't breathed a word about it to any of us. And Mr. Morris keeps his own secret. Now and then we catch him looking at her, and we draw our own conclusions."

"Did you meet Emily on your way here?"

"Yes; and she passed without speaking to me."

"Thinking, perhaps, of Mr. Morris."

Cecilia shook her head. "Thinking, Francine,

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1409.

of the new life before her, and regretting, I am afraid, that she ever confided her hopes and wishes to me. Did she tell you last night what her prospects are when she leaves school?"

"She told me you had been very kind in helping her. I dare say I should have heard more if I had not fallen asleep. What is she going to do?"

"To live in a dull house, far away in the north," Cecilia answered; "with only old people in it. She will have to write and translate for a great scholar, who is studying mysterious inscriptions—hieroglyphics, I think they are called—found among the ruins of Central America. It's really no laughing matter, Francine. Emily made a joke of it, too. 'I'll take anything but a situation as governess,' she said; 'the children who have Me to teach them would be to be pitied indeed!' She begged and prayed me to help her get an honest living. What could I do? I could only write home to papa. He is a member of Parliament, and everybody who wants a place seems to think he is bound to find it for them. As it happened, he had heard from an old friend of his (a certain Sir Jervis Redwood), who was in search of a secretary. Being in favor of letting the women compete for employment with the men, Sir Jervis was willing to try what he calls 'a female.' Isn't that a horrid way of speaking of us? and Miss Ladd says it's ungrammatical, besides. Papa had written back to say he knew of no lady whom he could recommend. When he got my letter, speaking of Emily, he kindly wrote again. In the interval Sir Jervis had received two applications for the vacant place. They were both from old ladies, and he declined to employ them."

"Because they were old," Francine suggested, maliciously.

"You shall hear him give his own reasons, my dear. Papa sent me an extract from his letter. It made me rather angry; and (perhaps for that reason) I think I can repeat it word for word: 'We are four old people in this house, and we don't want a fifth. Let us have a young one to cheer us. If your daughter's friend likes the terms, and is not encumbered with a sweetheart, I will send for her when the school breaks up at midsummer.' Coarse and selfish—isn't it? However, Emily didn't agree with me when I showed her the extract. She accepted the place, very much to her aunt's surprise and regret, when that excellent person heard of it. Now that the time has come (though Emily won't acknowledge it), I believe she secretly shrinks, poor dear, from the prospect."

"Very likely," Francine agreed, without even a pretense of sympathy. "But tell me, who are the four old people?"

"First, Sir Jervis himself, seventy last birthday; next, his unmarried sister, nearly eighty; next, his man-servant, Mr. Rook, well past sixty; and last, his man-servant's wife, who considers herself young, being only a little over forty. That is the household. Mrs. Rook is coming to-day to attend Emily on the journey to the north, and I am not at all sure that Emily will like her."

"A disagreeable woman, I suppose?"

"No—not exactly that. Rather odd and flighty. The fact is, Mrs. Rook has had her troubles, and perhaps they have a little unsettled her. She and her husband used to keep the village inn, close to our park; we know all about them at home. I am sure I pity these poor people. What are you looking at, Francine?"

Feeling no sort of interest in Mr. and Mrs. Rook, Francine was studying her school-fellow's lovely face in search of defects. She had already discovered that Cecilia's eyes were placed too wide apart, and that her chin wanted size and character.

"I was admiring your complexion, dear," she answered, coolly. "Well, and why do you pity the Rooks?"

Simple Cecilia smiled, and went on with her story:

"They are obliged to go out to service in their old age, through a misfortune for which they are in no way to blame. Their customers deserted the inn, and Mr. Rook became bankrupt. The inn got what they call a bad name—in a very dreadful way. There was a murder committed in the house."

"A murder!" cried Francine. "Oh, this is exciting! You provoking girl, why didn't you tell me about it before?"

"I didn't think of it," said Cecilia, placidly.

"Do go on! Were you at home when it happened?"

"I was here, at school."

"You saw the newspapers, I suppose?"

"Miss Ladd doesn't allow us to read newspapers. I did hear of it, however, in letters from home. Not that there was much in the letters. They said it was too horrible to be described. The poor murdered gentleman—"

Francine was unaffectedly shocked. "A gentleman!" she exclaimed. "How dreadful!"

"The poor man was a stranger in our part of the country," Cecilia resumed; "and the police were puzzled about the motive for a murder. His pocket-book was missing, but his watch and his rings were found on the body. I remember the initials on his linen because they were the same as my mother's initials before she was married—'J. B.' Really, Francine, that's all I know about it."

"Surely you know whether the murderer was discovered?"

"Oh yes, of course I know that. The government offered a reward; and clever people were sent from London to help the county police. Nothing came of it. The murderer has never been discovered from that time to this."

"When did it happen?"

"It happened in the autumn."

"The autumn of last year?"

"No, no. Nearly four years since."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NEW RAILWAY TIME SYSTEM.

STANDARD TIME.

We give in this number the portrait of Charles F. Dowd, A.M., Principal of Temple Grove Seminary, Saratoga Springs, New York, the originator of the system of national time lately adopted throughout the country. The accompanying map will help the reader to form a correct idea of the system, and the magnitude of the work accomplished.

Professor Dowd began his work systematically by presenting the rude outlines of his plan before a convention of trunk lines held in New York city in October, 1869, although several years before he had presented the subject in his regular course of lectures at the Connecticut State Normal School, of which he was then associate principal.

In order to get a graphic view of the condition of time standards as they then existed, let one imagine the country broken up into eighty indescribably irregular fragments, each governed by a different time standard, and these time standards differing from each other in extremes from one minute to nearly four hours. Were these fragmentary portions to be represented on the map, each by a different prime color, the colors of the rainbow multiplied by twelve would be brought into requisition. Then the map would look as if a child had been aimlessly experimenting upon it with his paints, making hither and thither stripes intercrossing one another in all directions. In short, in respect to time, the whole country was a pathless wilderness. Any traveller trying to wend his way across it then was doomed to bewildering confusion.

His watch was to him but a delusion; clocks in stations, staring each other in the face defiant of harmony both with one another and with surrounding local time, and all wildly at variance with his watch, were wholly baffling to all intelligence, and time-tables were to him but Sphinx's riddles. His only satisfaction could come from resting blindly in ignorance. No more fitting conditions could have suggested to Gray the sentiment, now passed into an adage, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Such was the confounding confusion of 1869.

To bring order out of this vast confusion was the problem Professor Dowd undertook to solve, and it may well be said that no time problem involving such extensive difficulties in its conditions had ever before been presented to civilization. A few years before, England had established a national standard for her home province, but this covered a difference of only about a half-hour's extent; and, following England by a little, France had adopted a national standard, yet this covered a difference of less than one hour's extent, while our system must provide for a difference of nearly *four* hours' extent. Hence their systems gave no clew to the solution of the problem presented by this country.

At the start Professor Dowd took his model from astronomical time reduced to the standard of one meridian. This time, in relation to any place, is local time with a difference. He adopted the Washington meridian for the national standard, and then worked out the local differences for about 8000 stations along the lines of about 500 railroads. Then he laid out the country into sections of fifteen degrees of longitude each, with the Washington meridian as the prime standard, and the fifteenth, the thirtieth, and the forty-fifth meridians for the subordinate standards. He then carefully wrote out a full explanation of the system, and published all, with a map, in a pamphlet of over 100 octavo pages. This pamphlet he sent out to all railway officials and others who might be interested in the subject. This was done in 1870.

After publishing his work, Professor Dowd attended conventions of railway managers in Boston, in New York, in the West, and in the South, and in this way found that the differences exceeding an hour were regarded as impracticable. This led to the adoption of the subordinate standards as essentially independent of each other, only that the even-hour differences must be preserved. This done, each hour section became a well-defined section, with its own time standard; and, with standards so near and so simply related, the necessity for any more exact local time vanished. He further found that the Washington and the fifteenth meridians were located too far west to suit the wants of the Eastern and the Central sections. Therefore, after meeting a convention at Atlanta, Georgia, in the spring of 1872, he changed the system from Washington to Greenwich longitude, thus moving all the hour sections two degrees further east. This made the seventy-fifth meridian the standard for the Eastern section, the ninetieth for the Central, the one hundred and fifth for the Mountain, and the one hundred and twentieth for the Pacific—the fifth hour eastward being the standard time of England. During these three years his investigations, by study, and by travel so as to come into contact with practical men, especially railway managers, were so thorough that the system as then matured has required no further modification. This is the system now in operation.

Three years were thus consumed in maturing the ideal, but eleven more years have been consumed in making the ideal a reality. Even in this part of the work Professor Dowd for several years labored essentially alone. He got out a little appendix to his original work; he met conventions; he wrote extensively for the press; in 1877 he published the *Traveller's Railway Time Adjuster;* in 1879–80 he prepared indexes for railway time-tables, and urged the editors of railway guides to adopt them; and all this with no recompense whatever, save the consciousness that it would result in the public good.

In the work of securing the adoption of the system Professor Dowd would bring into prominent notice several important agencies which within the last few years have entered the field; notably the American Meteorological Society, led by Dr. Barnard, the president of Columbia College, and the committee of this society on Standard Time, led by Professor Cleveland Abbe, of the Signal Service Bureau, Washington, and Chancellor Fleming, of Ottawa, Canada. Specially worthy of notice in the practical aspect of the subject is William F. Allen, Esq., the secretary of the General and Southern Railway Time Convention. This convention is the exponent of the great system of railways throughout the country, and Mr. Allen was appointed a special committee upon the subject of standard time in 1881, and hence became the exponent of the convention. This agency specially hastened the adoption of the system.

A single glance at results will show what the system has accomplished. Instead of the eighty fragmentary pieces of country above mentioned, four orderly hour sections, as seen on the accompanying map, form the only divisions for the whole continent, and four time standards, with exact hour differences, constitute the only standards of the country. Indeed, with the system fully carried out, twenty-four would constitute all the standards of the world.

On Saturday, the 17th of November, when the sun reached the meridian of the eastern border of Maine, clocks began their jangle for the hour of twelve, and this was kept up in a drift across the continent for four hours, like incoherent cow-bells in a wild wood. But on Monday, the 19th—supposing all to have changed to the new system on the 18th—no clock struck for this hour till the sun reached the seventy-fifth meridian. Then all the clocks on the continent struck together, those in the Eastern section striking twelve, those in the Central striking eleven, those in the Mountain striking ten, and those in the Pacific striking nine. The minute-hands of all were in harmony with each other, and with those of all travellers' watches. Time-tables everywhere became perfectly intelligible, and the bliss of ignorance was no longer at a premium.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

The Soudan, roughly speaking, may be described as the enormous extent of country lying south of the great Sahara Desert, between Abyssinia on the east and Senegambia on the west. Its area and population have been variously estimated, and its resources have been exaggerated or depreciated according to the prejudices of travellers.

The French projectors of the Trans-Saharian Railroad put down the population at about fifty million, and described the bulk of the country as consisting of the richest alluvial soil in the world. But it is not that part of the Soudan in which lie the city of Timbuctoo and Lake Tchad to which the attention of the world is at present directed. It is the Egyptian Soudan, where the English government of Egypt finds itself face to face with unforeseen difficulties.

At the present time it is impossible to ascertain with anything like accuracy the position of the victorious chief who, under the appellation of El Mahdi, has annihilated the Egyptian army commanded by General Hicks, and who is now threatening Khartoum and the valley of the Upper Nile.

No details of the destruction of General Hicks's army have yet been received. He marched out with 10,000 men, 6000 camels, and a large train of baggage mules; but as the invading column advanced into the desert they suffered terribly from want of water; their guides purposely led them into a district where the wells are few, and thus they easily fell victims to the numerous cavalry and the fanatic followers of the "False Prophet."

The battle was fought with the courage of despair, and lasted three days. Hicks Pasha was slain by a lance-thrust on the third day, when the soldiers had fired off their last cartridge.

After his fall the rout was general, and the fugitives, who had been deprived of water for three days, were nearly all massacred as they fled toward the wells. Native accounts state that Hicks's hands were first cut off, and he was afterward cut to pieces.

Two Europeans, distinguished members of the press—O'Donovan, the famous correspondent of the London *Daily News*, whose adventures in Toorkistan have given him world-wide fame, and Mr. Frank Vizetelly, the brilliant artist of the London *Graphic*—are, it is stated, among the survivors.

After the battle, according to reports, El Mahdi returned to El Obeid with the arms and cannon he had taken from Hicks, and was preparing to send 10,000 men to Darfour. Since the massacre of Hicks's force another Egyptian column has been annihilated near Suakin.

At present a corps of engineers has been dispatched by the Egyptian government to erect fortifications at the Second Cataract and at Koreska, between Khartoum and Assouan, and Baker Pasha is under orders to leave Cairo for Suakin, and to endeavor to relieve Khartoum.

The provinces of the Upper Nile are traversed in every direction by the Mahdi's missionaries, and are in such a ferment against the Christians that the Governor of Sioot has advised the American mission to withdraw to Cairo.

Altogether the situation looks gloomy enough for the Khedive and his English masters, as well as for the Sultan, whose title of "Commander of the Faithful" El Mahdi boldly challenges.

A few years ago the ruler of the Soudan was but an obscure dervish; he is about forty years old, tall, and of a coppery-red complexion, and announces that he knows that the government of Egypt is false to Islam by three marks: first, it allows Christians to have churches; secondly, that it protects them; thirdly, that it taxes the faithful.

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

I.

THE BUD.

In the fair sunny parlor stood a tree
  Bearing one snowy hope, and day by day
A maid with flower-like face bent tenderly
  Above the budding wonder, thus to say:
"Blow, blow, my Christmas Rose, and do not fail
When Advent bells ring over hill and dale!

"For then *he comes! he comes!*"—and, like a flame,
  A rare soft light lit up her fair still face.
"Keep secret in thy sweet heart his dear name,
  And blow, my Christmas Rose, that I may place
Thee on my breast, and he shall see I love
The flower he gave all other flowers above."

Then in its soft green shield the Rose's heart
  Throbbed with a passionate longing for release,
Dreaming of Christmas joys, and of the part
  That it might bear in that bright feast of peace.
"Ah me!" it sighed; "if I might only rest
In snowy purity upon her breast!

"If from that throne of love I might behold
  The splendid rooms, with box and holly bright,
The lighted Christmas tree, the gems and gold,
  The maidens fluttering in gleaming white!
What bliss it were to thus sigh life away
On her sweet breast through such a happy day!"

II.

THE BLOOM.

One dawn, when stars yet hung above the wood
  And o'er the lake, the Advent bells rang clear.
Trembling with joy, the Rose-tree understood
  It was the gladdest birthday of the year,
And knew that lovely in the dusky light
Was her one Rose—now perfect, sweet, and white.

But in the house there was no sound of song,
  No tripping feet, no laughter gay and free.
The Rose sighed: "Oh, she is so long! so long!
  Alas! my first sweet bloom she will not see."
And thus the day went by, hour after hour,
And no one came to greet the Christmas flower.

The pleasant parlor was left dim and still,
  Yet far away the sad Rose seemed to hear
Some strange sharp cry the empty chambers thrill,
  Till her white petals shook with nameless fear;
And then the sun went down, and hopeless gloom
Touched the white Rose in the deserted room.

III.

THE END.

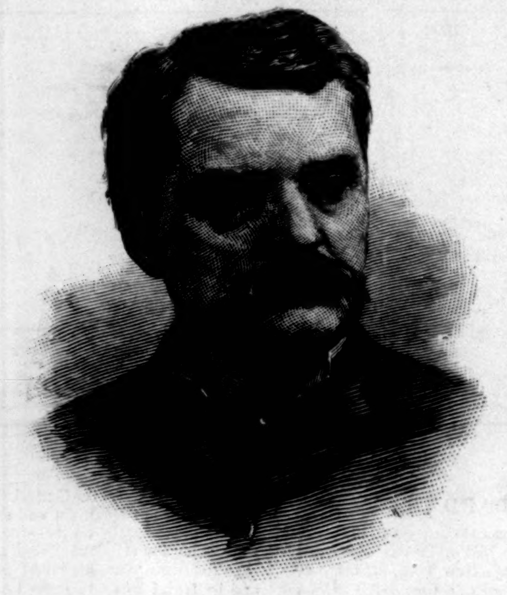
But about midnight, when the room was clear,
  There came a slow, sad footstep, and the Rose
Felt on her heart one heavy, bitter tear.
  Ah me! how speedily a true love knows
When love is fled! There was no need to say,
"Sweet Rose, our angel bride has passed away.

"Come now to sweeten her fair bier." And so
  The Rose was borne to a dim room, all cold
And still. There was no song, no splendid glow
  Of dancing maids in shimmering white and gold;
Only one fair dead maid, on fair white bed,
With snow-drops wan and lilies overspread.

"Within her small crossed hands on her pure breast,
  Oh, happy, happy Rose! This is thy fate,
To dream with her in calm and peaceful rest,
  While I, alas! must weep and watch and wait."
And there it lay, a glory in the gloom,
A white sweet wonder in the white death-room.

Wet with love's tears, hearing low, whispered prayers,
  Breathing its life in solemn peace away,
Was it not better far than earthly cares,
  The joys and splendors of a festal day?
Pure maid, that found on Christmas God's glad rest,
And white sweet Christmas Rose—was it not best?

SENATOR D. M. SABIN, CHAIRMAN OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE.—Phot. by Zimmerman.—[See Page 835.]



GENERAL ANSON D. McCOOK, SECRETARY OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE.—Phot. by C. M. Bell.—[See Page 835.]

THE LATE HON. DUDLEY C. HASKELL.—Photographed by C. M. Bell.—[See Page 835.]

THE GREEN SUN IN INDIA.

Recent letters from Ceylon show that the green or blue sun was seen there as a marked phenomenon from the 9th to the 12th September, inclusive. The *Ceylon Observer* contains some interesting communications on the subject. One correspondent, writing on September 12 from Puleadierakam, states that no light came from the sun, though he was visible, until nearly seven in the morning. "For the last four days," he says, "the sun rises in splendid green when visible; that is, about ten degrees from the horizon. As he advances he assumes a beautiful blue, and as he comes further on he looks like a brilliant blue, resembling burning sulphur. When about forty-five degrees high it is not possible to look at the sun with the naked eye; but even when at the very zenith" (meaning, no doubt, the highest point of his path *near*, but not absolutely *at*, the zenith) "the light is blue, varying from a pale blue early to a bright blue later on, almost similar to moonlight even at mid-day. Then, as he declines, the sun assumes the same changes, but *vice versa*. The heat is greatly modified, and there is nothing like the usual hot days of September. The moon, now visible in the afternoon, looks also tinged with blue after sunset, and as she declines assumes a most fiery color thirty degrees from the zenith." It is rather singular that the moon when nearing the horizon should have assumed a fiery hue, while the sun, when in the same position, looked blue. This seems to show that though the moon looks white, there is really a certain degree of ruddiness in her surface tints.

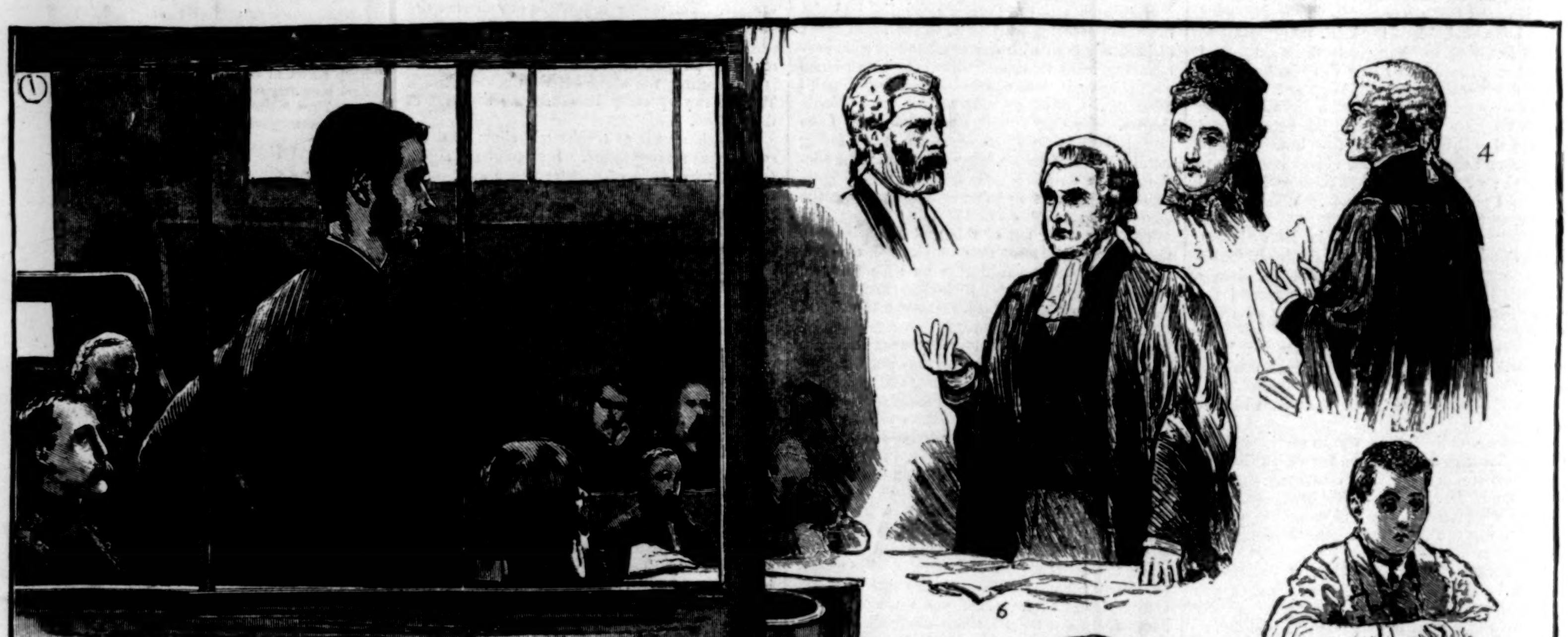
As to the explanation of the changed tint of the sun a few points are clear. It is obvious that the absorptive medium whose action gave to the sun its bluish-green tint was in our own atmosphere, not in the sun himself. As the sun was seen blue at Trinidad on September 2, it seems probable that the Java earthquake had nothing, or little, to do with the sun's peculiar tint in India and Ceylon; for the blue sun of Trinidad can not possibly have been caused by the Java disturbance. The spectroscopic evidence seems to show that the greenness of the sun was due to an exceptional development of the rain-band in the red part of the spectrum. Thus was occasioned an abnormal absorption of red and orange-red rays, leaving a superabundance of rays from the rest of the spectrum, and consequently a tint of green.

It is noteworthy that an explanation advanced in *Nature* (whose editor is supposed to know something about spectrum analysis), by Mr. W. R. Manley, Principal of the High School of Madras, is entirely incorrect. He finds in the circumstance that the color of the sun varied after the order of the colors of the solar spectrum evidence that there was some refracting medium in the atmosphere which resolved the sun's rays into primary colors. This would not account for the sun appearing green. There is no sort of prism which will show the sun green, or blue, or red, let the refracting quality of the medium be what it may. Seen through any prism whatever, the sun would simply show rainbow-tinted fringes on opposite sides of a central and not quite circular white disk. Absorption was manifestly the cause of the sun's color, not simply refraction, though refraction, of course, took place, as it always does.

A correspondent calls attention to the circumstance that in the arctic regions the sun often shines with a pure emerald-green tint all through the day.

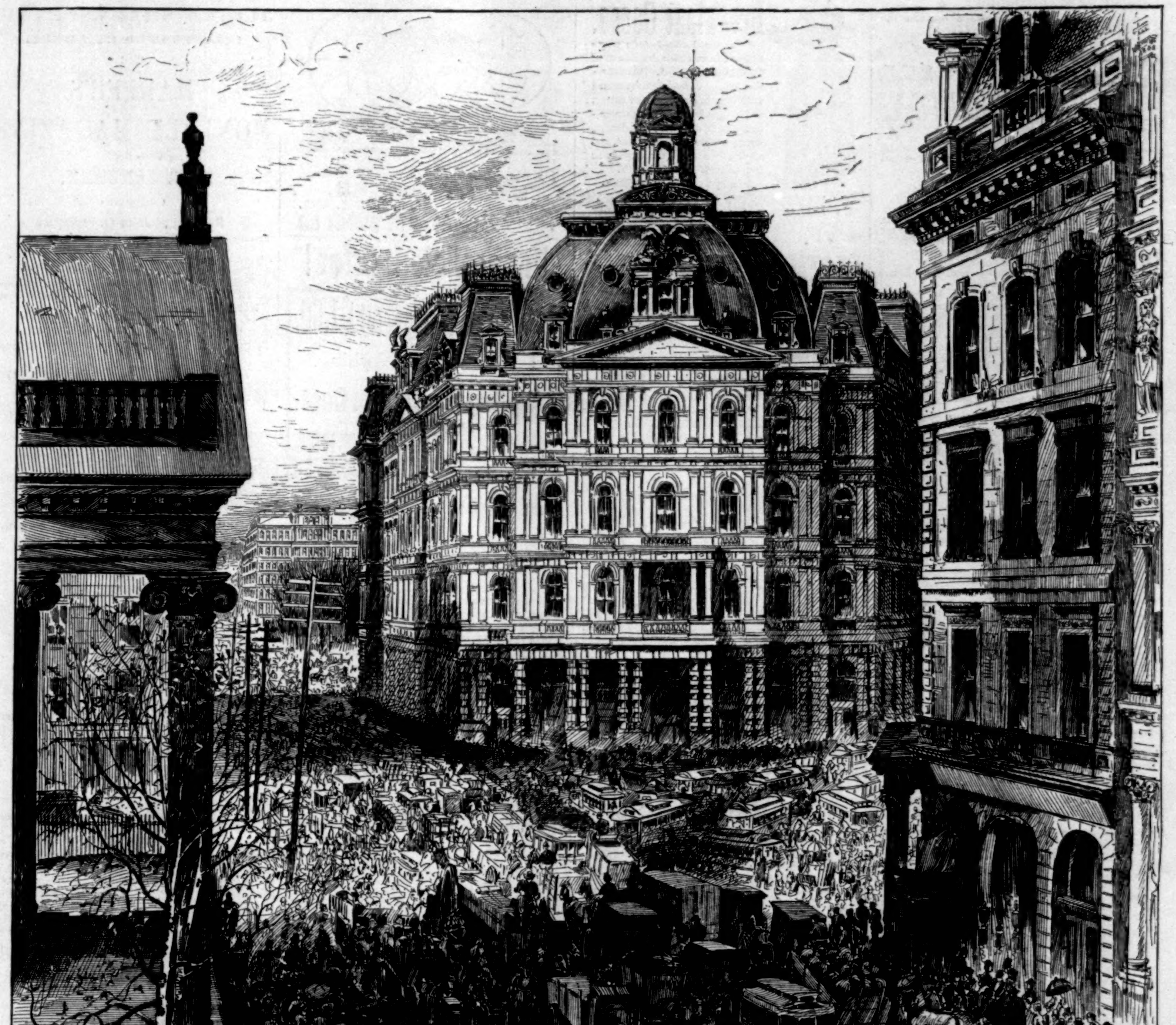
A BLOCKADE ON BROADWAY.

The countryman who didn't want to cross Broadway "till the procession had passed" would have waited long if a policeman had not volunteered to pilot him through the apparently endless tangle of carts, stages, express wagons, and other vehicles that fill the broad thoroughfare from side to side. Even old New-Yorkers, accustomed every day to brave the perils of the crossing, often hesitate and wait for a break before making the attempt. A weather-beaten sea-captain, who made nothing of Atlantic storms, once declared that he would rather double Cape Horn than cross Broadway in a jam. But formidable as the undertaking may appear to a stranger in the city, very few accidents occur, even in the most crowded portions of the street.



THE TRIAL OF PATRICK O'DONNELL AT THE OLD BAILEY.—[See Page 834.]

1. O'Donnell. 2. James Carey's Son. 3. Mrs. Carey. 4. Mr. Poland, Counsel for the Prosecution. 5. Mr. Justice Denman. 6. Mr. Russell, Q. C., and Mr. A. M. Sullivan, Counsel for Prisoner. 7. General Pryor. 8. James Parish, the first Witness. 9. Nahum Marks, of Cape Town. 10. Thomas Jones, Boatswain of the Steam-ship *Melrose*. 11. R. T. Cubitt, a Passenger. 12. Mr. Beecher, Second Officer of the *Melrose*. 13. Chief Inspector Cherry, of the Port Elizabeth Police.



A BLOCKADE ON BROADWAY.—Drawn by Taylor and Meeker.—[See Page 844.]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

IMITATIONS and counterfeits have again appeared. Be sure that the word "HORSFORD'S" is on the wrapper. None are genuine without it.—[*Adv.*]

"Character in Smoking" is the title of an excellent article recently published. The writer judges his men by the kind of tobacco they smoke. All like good tobacco, but all are not judges. It is only the even-tempered, level-headed, tastefully inclined man that takes pains to make a selection. He gets to be very particular about purity and flavor. But when he strikes a tobacco like Blackwell's Durham Long Cut, he is tenacious of his prize, and intolerant of all inferior tobaccos.

FROM J. B. THOMAS, ESQ.,
CASHIER OF LEROY C. PARTRIDGE'S BANKING HOUSE.
OVID, N. Y., Nov. 7, 1883.

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J. B. THOMAS.

ARCOLA, DOUGLASS COUNTY, ILL.
DR. TOBIAS,—Please send me one dozen bottles of Venetian Liniment, C.O.D. I have used it for several years, and will not be without it. Have saved many dollars in doctors' bills, and can recommend it. No family should be without it. DAVID BAUGHMAN.
Nov. 27, 1883.

Sold by the druggists at 25 and 50 cents.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE

Has received universal endorsement. *No other preparation* possesses such remarkable properties for embellishing and strengthening the hair and rendering it dark and glossy. It cures baldness and eradicates dandruff. BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are the best.—[*Adv.*]

I HAVE a positive cure for Dyspepsia. I will send free by mail, enough, to all applicants, to convince the most sceptical of its value. A. I. MATHEWS, druggist, 81 Barclay St., N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

NO CHRISTMAS TABLE should be without a bottle of ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the world-renowned appetizer, of exquisite flavor. Ask for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.—[*Adv.*]

DR. FENNER'S St. Vitus's Dance Specific always cures. Sold by dealers. Send for circular. Fredonia, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

SUFFERERS from Coughs, Sore Throat, etc., should try "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*"—[*Adv.*]

HALFORD SAUCE is conceded the standard relish. Halford Sauce improves soups, fish, gravies, meats, etc.—[*Adv.*]

C. C. SHAYNE, Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince St., N. Y., sends Fur Fashion Book free. Send your address.—[*Adv.*]

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Is the most perfect blood-purifier known to medical science. It

Purifies blood corrupted by Hereditary Scrofula, poisoned by Mercury, or tainted by the sequelæ of Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, and other Contagious Diseases;

Extirpates from the blood the germs of disease implanted by excesses in living, and by disorder of the digestive functions;

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Cures all maladies resultant from vitiation of the blood, the most fruitful cause of disease.

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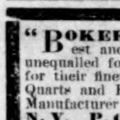

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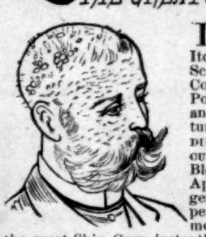

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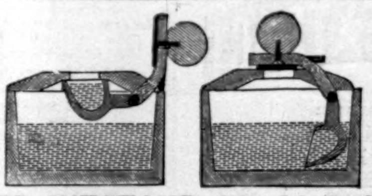

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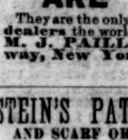

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